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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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MARMADUKE BONTHROP SHELMERDINE, Esquire
From "Orlando," by Virginia Woolf
(Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

Modern Civilization

WHITHER MANKIND: A Panorama of Modern Civilization. Edited by CHARLES A. BEARD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

COLLABORATION is a mark of our time, and there may be wisdom in the counsel of many, although we have our doubts as to legislatures. There is frequent collaboration in the making of books, and perhaps it is most successful in large and comprehensive undertakings like "The Cambridge Modern History" or the "Histoire de France," edited by Lavisse. In the latter work of many volumes, each scholar is allotted an epoch, and has some hundreds of pages in which to treat it. There is thus both space and incentive to develop his theme, and show the very best that he can do. That it may be otherwise with men of note contributing limited papers to be bound together, is shown in some of the essays of the present collection.

Yet, in spite of their unequal merit, they make an interesting and suggestive volume. The writers are men of this age, all moderns. In these essays, for the most part, they think and criticize their world after its own moving standards; yet there is seemingly consideration of the many series of antecedents out of which our dynamic present has so energetically sprung. The essays recognize to the full the values and the welfare of our time—or at least of our time here in the United States and Canada, where sometimes we who live in it feel as it were the impression of a fair summer day. What other time or place has known so full a portion of glad energy and enthusiasm? Yet of course, around and about this feeling, much is left to be said.

The editor has done his best in the selection of able contributors, and certainly he has set them the pace in his admirable Introduction, which perhaps each writer had the advantage of reading before composing his own paper. It should be read carefully by anyone taking up the volume. Its note is comprehensiveness, catholicity, the due weighing

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"Orlando, a Biography"*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VIRGINIA WOOLF, once known in England as the accomplished daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen who edited the great "Dictionary of National Biography," is now still better known throughout the English-reading world as the author of novels in which time is made to move at a snail's pace while the skilful annalist extracts the least quintuple of a flitting sensation from lives that would not seem even exciting under the gross eye which sees only twenty-four hours a day.

It was not to be doubted that some day she would turn to even greater subtlety, for subtlety of a frank and witty kind—never cloudy, never morbid—is her *métier*, and one might have guessed that having challenged the time sense in the small, she would later challenge it in the large, and having written the history of men and women who live plain people's lifetimes in a week, would turn to extension and devise a hero or heroine—in this instance both in one—who should require three centuries to fulfil his (or her) adjustments to living.

Indeed, it cannot be denied that the most successful practitioners of the art of life . . . somehow contrive to synchronize the sixty or seventy different times which beat simultaneously in every normal human system, so that when eleven strikes, all the rest chime in unison, and the present is neither a violent disruption nor completely forgotten in the past. Of them we can justly say that they live precisely the sixty-eight or seventy-two years allotted them on the tombstone. Of the rest, some we know to be dead, though they walk among us; some are not yet born, though they go through the forms of life; others are hundreds of years old, though they call themselves thirty-six. The true length of a person's life, whatever the "Dictionary of National Biography" may say, is always a matter of dispute. Indeed it is a difficult business—this time-keeping; nothing more quickly disorders it than contact with any of the arts.

It is not surprising, though a delightful experience, to find her Orlando a creature who requires three centuries and more to reach her (it was "her" in 1928) thirty-six years of normal development. Mrs. Woolf having turned, as I have said of earlier books, her team upon a sixpence, gallops now through the ages, but with the same end, which is, to paraphrase Browning, What's time! I'll know you yet! Orlando is a Renaissance noble and a darling of Elizabeth; he is a Jacobean gallant and an introspective of the metaphysical seventeenth century. He went to Turkey as an Ambassador for Charles, ran off with gypsies (as all first-rate English artists do at one time or another), and came back a blue-stocking of the Augustan age. She (it is she now, for woman entered literature in the 1700s) was a Romantic and a Victorian and a modernist.

* * *

This is just to take Mercutio's parade of atomies under the glass of a telescope—a "stunt," if I may use the good colloquial word, highly characteristic of a decade intoxicated by the psychologists' discoveries that consciousness is a trickster and the senses easily corruptible, a stunt triumphantly within the power of such a technician as Mrs. Woolf. But no one would have expected her to write a history of English literature.

For that is essentially what "Orlando" proves to be. And if it is a gay and witty fantasy in the manner of Laurence Sterne rather than Dr. Johnson; and if it deals with irrepressible youth and irrepressible sex; and with many liaisons—liaisons with girls in the ruby-stored holds of treasure ships, liaisons with nature on bare Turkish cliffs or under English oaks, liaisons with broodings over death, with fame and disillusion, with wild geese romantically flying just beyond capture, with aristocratic lust and vulgar prostitution, with cities and with themes—well, that is literature, more accurately described than in the publications of learned societies.

Life? Literature? One to be made into the other? But how monstrously difficult!

And how monstrously difficult to describe the English spirit (or the Greek) in its attempts for a year or a century to achieve that "transaction between a writer and the spirit of the age" which is of "such infinite delicacy." Poor Orlando, the spirit of the nineteenth century was "antipathetic to her in the extreme." It took her and broke her. But let that wait. The critical point to be made is that in this witty and brilliant biography of a soul moving through no philosophic vagueness, but against a background of English historic possibility, so concrete that the ice carnival on the Jacobean Thames and the drive home with Mr. Pope and the dark mists drawing over St. Paul's as the damp fecundity of the nineteenth century obscured the spirited clarity of the eighteenth are as historical as her father's critical studies,—in this biography Mrs. Woolf has described a unitary spirit, the English mind in *belles lettres*, brooding, meditative, with a love of animals and nature, a passion for the country and the seasons, a spirit sometimes in love with death, sometimes amorous, florid, satirical in prose or drama, yet in all its adaptations trying to be the same. The result is perhaps the first readable history of our literature.

Readable, because, thanks to her novelist's training and the nature of her enterprise, her imagination dwells with the struggles of the artist behind the art. Our biographers (Mr. Strachey is one of

* ORLANDO. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928.

This Week

"Mexico and Its Heritage."
Reviewed by *Herbert I. Priestley.*
"Meaning No Offense."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"Beneath Tropic Seas."
Reviewed by *Charles A. Kofoid.*
"History of the Sheffield Scientific School."
Reviewed by *Herbert E. Hawkes.*
"The Modern Plutarch."
Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*
"Scarlet Sister Mary."
Reviewed by *Herschel Brickell.*
"Ashes."
Reviewed by *R. Dyboski.*
"Dr. Arnold of Rugby."
Reviewed by *O. W. Firkins.*
The Cow and the Engineer.
By *Charles A. Bennett.*

Next Week

Children's Book Week Number.

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her advisors and thanked in the Preface) have been humanizing history for us in this way, but the esthetic problems have been left in esthetics. We talk of Elizabethan literature, but fail to realize it in our descriptions, because we make it single instead of dual, a One instead of a Two-in-One. It took Nicholas Greene in his worthy-to-be-famous visit to Orlando's great country house to make that (as well as the nature of critics) clear to the youth. For here was the Renaissance mind (patrician of course), only a little troubled by exact external reality, but alive with visions of beauty and heroism and tragedy, and there were the poets, quarrelsome and mercenary, or dim tranced figures, sitting like Sh-p-re with a dirty ruff and pen in hand at a servant's table. Yet they who were scarcely of the age, and often ill at ease in the English country, could express both, while you, who were the thing itself, wrote bombast. Or to reverse the relationship, there were Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison and Mr. Swift, under whose plates you slipped banknotes thankfully received, yet who really lived only in their books, so that if they quoted themselves in advance, so to speak, as Mr. Pope at Lady R's—

> The door opened and a little gentleman entered whose name Orlando did not catch. Soon a curiously disagreeable sensation came over her. To judge from their faces, the rest began to feel it as well. One gentleman said there was a draught. The Marchioness of C. feared a cat must be under the sofa. It was as if their eyes were being slowly opened after a pleasant dream and nothing met them but a cheap wash-stand and a dirty counterpane. It was as if the fumes of some delicious wine were slowly leaving them. Still the General talked and still Mr. L. remembered. But it became more and more apparent how red the General's neck was, how bald Mr. L.'s head was. As for what they said—nothing more tedious and trivial could be imagined. Everybody fidgeted and those who had fans, yawned behind them. At last Lady R. rapped with hers upon the arm of her great chair. Both gentlemen stopped talking.
>
> Then the little gentleman said,
>
> He said next,
>
> He said finally,*
>
> Here, it cannot be denied, was true wit, true wisdom, true profundity. The company was thrown into complete dismay. One such saying was bad enough; but three, one after another, on the same evening! No society could survive it.
>
> "Mr. Pope," said old Lady R. in a voice trembling with sarcastic fury, "you are pleased to be witty." Mr. Pope flushed red. Nobody spoke a word. They sat in dead silence some twenty minutes. Then one by one, they rose and slunk from the room. That they would ever come back after such an experience was doubtful. Link-boys could be heard calling their coaches all down South Audley Street.

* These sayings are too well known to require repetition, and besides they are all to be found in his published works.

when they thus quoted themselves real life lost its savor and real people became dull.

Or again, it might be necessary, like Defoe, to leave the gentle world and spend the night with a drab from Leicester Square (quite innocently, since the eighteenth century Orlando was prevailingly a woman) in order to escape from the disillusionment of Mr. Addison's gestures of unreal sprightliness.

And still again, what was to be the effect upon this meditative, land-loving English mind when the clarity of the eighteenth century was clouded over by the romantic murk of the nineteenth, when crinolines came in to conceal the inordinate breeding which was populating the Empire, when fingers itched for wedding rings, and a universal damp of sentimentalism clogged the brain while the pen wrote fluent vapidities? Why, call upon romance (the wild goose) to lift the shrinking woman into heights above herself! Create a soul-mate for her, a darling, romantic youth who is feminine and masculine both, sailing the Horn in ships or reading Shelley in a grove—make a literature as strange and subtle as a woman for an England that in esthetics was as tolerant and free-spoken as a man. So (in the story) Orlando married Marmaduke Bonthrop Shelmerdine, who is Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Leigh Hunt, and Sir Walter Scott (you can see his picture on the preceding page). And if she called him "Bonthrop," she (that is, England) was in a solitary mood of melancholy, and when she called him "Shelmerdine" it meant high adventurous romance, and when she called him "Mar," she was dreamy, amorous, languid, listening to the nightingale.

I hope that all this does not seem like nonsense to the reader who has not yet read "Orlando." If it does, the fault is mine and not Mrs. Woolf's. The relation between the English mind and its modes in literature is clear enough in her narrative, although one reading will by no means draw out all of her critical subtlety. I cannot even touch upon the symbolism of much of Orlando's story, for this is one of those packed books that call for a commentary as long as the text. It is incredibly rich, and much of it I understand very well, and some of it I get by emotional impact, and some of it I have not yet unravelled. But if the book is fantastic in the best sense, it is a thousand leagues from nonsense, or even obscurity. If you want a parallel to its form and manner, you must go not to any history or criticism written as such, but to Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." That book, too, was a biography, and also a philosophical disquisition on the nature of life. Mrs. Woolf, whose "time" was distinctly not the nineteenth century, owes more to Sterne and the spirit of his age than to her witty and learned Bloomsbury circle who have checked her history and guaranteed the probability of an estate inhering to an English noble who not only lives three hundred years but changes sex. She has Sterne's happy fashion of dismissing the irrelevant with a note, an asterisk, or an etcetera. She has Sterne's gay insouciance in moral questions, which permits of untrammeled wit without disturbances of a fundamental seriousness.

And yet, of course, this is a twentieth century book to the core. In its disregard of time it reflects our time sense sharpened to a never before attained acuteness. Its social psychology is of the 1920's. Its longing desire to escape from Victorian heaviness into "something useless, sudden, violent, something that costs a life; red, blue, purple . . . ecstasy" is a phase of the reaction against industrialism, and her summary of the present as a department store, where nothing is any longer one thing, where the personality splits into a thousand counters, and eclecticism dominates, is a generalization which Sterne would scarcely have understood.

And so "The Oak Tree," that poem over which Orlando had worked for three centuries was finished. She had flung words after the wild goose like nets, and they had come back shrivelled, or sometimes with an inch of silver in the bottom—but never "the great fish who lives in the coral groves."

* * *

I think myself that the unusual merit and complete originality of "Orlando" are due to Mrs. Woolf's daring choice of a theme which involves the philosophy of literary history and the most acute and perceptive analysis of the English literary mind. The book must be read for this or it will not be truly read at all.

Yet this by no means exhausts the attractions of a book that is likely to remain as a characteristic contribution to the literature of this era, and certainly strongly bids for such eminence by its admirable style, by its free and contemplative spirit, its wit, and its audacity. Like "Gulliver's Travels," which is another dual book, it can be read with the greatest satisfaction for its brilliant descriptions and its pointed characterization. It implies (as did "The Rape of the Lock" or Swift's "Tale of a Tub") an audience that is well-read, flexible, quick, and interested. This is the spiritual history of English literature since the Renaissance, but by no means an Introduction or a Guide. I could wish the end more lucid: the electric snaps at—— and ——are clear enough, the shrunk hardness of modern England is vividly depicted, and Orlando's multiple personalities; but in the last chapter there is too much analysis, too little of the broad-flowing narrative where wit and adventure and the personal are a mirror to the age. Mrs. Woolf has a better perspective for Tudor England than for modern London, which in her version too much resembles Bloomsbury. Orlando in the 1500's might be Spenser, in the 1600's Sir Thomas Browne, in the 1700's Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in the 1800's Keats and Landor and Mrs. Browning in mystic union; but in the twentieth century she seems too much localized to a feminine Sitwell or a masculine Lady Sackville-West. Even Swift when he grew too contemporary clouded the clear waters of "Gulliver."

But I shall not enter upon criticism since this fascinating book needs first of all to be explained where explanation is needed, and at that I offer merely an intimation and first impression for readers inclined to take this documented biography as merely a phantasy with some real characters introduced for effect.

The convinced modernists and the obsessively journalistic are warned against this book. Its thesis is destructive of their idea of existence, for if time is an accident which the brooding spirit must conquer in order to express itself, or if the cultivated racial mind is more important than the incidents of period and prejudice which it must contest, what standing have those who believe that truth began in 1920! When the Ladies of Purity, Chastity and Modesty flung a garment like a towel at the naked figure of Orlando who, under the influence of Truth and the eighteenth century, was just changing to a woman, it fell short by several inches. One must believe in a Truth for some time existent and able to survive prudery, ignorance, and error, and know a little at least of its history, in order to enjoy "Orlando."

But it is a rare book, with critical perceptions worth whole essays, and (since Mrs. Woolf is a woman whatever Orlando may have been) a central figure who is always charming, capturing the imagination when he is a lovely youth, and mastering her own soul and keeping it intact when she is a woman.

And what else is literature than the age-long pursuit of the ideal of seeming reality by a mind too charming, too adroit, too fruitful for the business of ordinary living.

The Dregs of Colonialism

MEXICO AND ITS HERITAGE. By Ernest Gruening. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by Herbert Ingram Priestley
University of California

THIS is the most important and comprehensive study of Mexico that has been given to the English-reading public for many years. Those who are familiar with Gruening's numerous magazine articles, in which he has often rung the changes on the progress of the Mexicans and their capacity for self-direction, can be no less than gratified that he, having gone into the country with a thesis, has come out of it with so much of the clearly stated and incontrovertible truth. He writes with a scalpel, cutting, where necessary, with courage but not malice, without adherence to doctrinaire bias, nor yet any effort to maintain a specious equilibrium between hostile camps on the many phases of the Mexican question. It requires judgment and courage to succeed in such a task. It is interesting that so many Americans who have at some time entered the lists as champions of radical Mexico have gradually, as time fails to justify their hopes, come to lean toward the side of conservatism in their later judgments.

One may pass with indulgence certain claims to excellence made in the preface, as for instance that Gruening is the first to see the agrarian basis of Mexican history—a claim generously refuted by his own citations. The meat of the book is in the studies derived from five wide journeys of observation and from an astounding amount of reading. Taking the pains to think things through, the author confesses modestly to a sense of bafflement in his effort to synthesize his findings on the problems of the ultimate emergence of Mexico into stable nationality.

The book is an interesting example of the work of the newspaper man turned historian; it has the defects of its excellences. Too big and heavy for the general reader, too copiously annotated in parts, it moves a little ponderously, with over-insistence by instance and example. Some of the chapters might well have been omitted, notably those early ones in which Spanish colonialism is decried and that of the British extolled. This is old stuff taken from the hot writings of the independence era or the covetousness of English commercialists. "The fibre of man was tested" quite as much in Spanish America as in British, Gruening and all the apostles of British commercialism to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course we think our heritage best, but that is not quite to the point. Spain gave to America her great though mistaken concept of a state based on unity of faith with as much sincerity, unselfishness, and vigor as the British displayed in giving anything, even their vaunted democracy. This by the way, Britain did not give, but had it snatched from her. The difference lies more largely in environment than heritage, and the environment created by colonial Mexico would have taxed British institutions severely. What tropical or semi-tropical British colony has given the world a happy formula for the control of society? In her colonial policy

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Spain was not more exacting nor consuming than England; indeed, the policies and practices of colonialism under the Ancien Régime were, for all the European nations, identical in practice, spirit, and intent; they were all based on the bullionist mercantilism evolved by Spain and emphasized by England in the Navigation Acts and by France in "l'Exclusif" of the great Colbert. The real differences lay in the fact that Spain, like Portugal, exhausted her man-power before consolidating her empire—fault of the pope or of America's vastness, as you will, and in the stupendous factor of the survival of the Indian masses in Mexico, a factor which Gruening senses, but does not elaborate upon adequately in this connection. Mexico is the best example of the working-out of the sixteenth to eighteenth century theory of the colonial kingdom, and its condition to-day the most damning condemnation of that universal mistake. If the white contact had really been the great civilizing agency which the whites have pretended, Mexico would to-day be of all lands the most blessed.

Gruening's most significant contributions come out of his journeys of observation through the Mexican States. Some American Catholics will possibly find their sensibilities wounded by his criticism of the church in Mexico, but he speaks so clearly the truth, putting blame for the religious strife impartially on the church, politics, and the army, that if only a part of his findings are accepted in this country we shall begin to rid ourselves of that deadly parallelism which is the mother of so much unfortunate preconception about Mexico. This comes out more plainly perhaps in the criticism of the army and its disastrous influence on the country; or perhaps even more distinctly in the strictures drawn with serenity upon Mexican laborism.

There are several extremely interesting chapters on the actual working of the Mexican State governments, about which English speaking people are as yet in the densest of ignorance. It is curious to observe how, in the fourteen states studied, the methods whereby the central government maintains its power in the local entities are only a trifle less cynical than the open usurpations of the old Díaz method. These chapters are practically a unique contribution to the political state of Mexico since 1921.

Gruening finds, from a keen examination of the controversy between Mexico and the United States, that the position taken by the latter savors more strongly of virtue and equity than does the Mexican. Yet he no less sharply contends that the American who invests in a known risk and then, when losing, calls on the non-participating American taxpayer and soldier to pull out his chestnuts is not a very good sport, whatever his equities may be; and he gives well-placed credit to Dwight Morrow for having created the sweet reasonableness now existing between ourselves and the Mexicans, a great modern triumph of diplomacy, outdistancing in practical results all the legalism of Hughes or the previous semi-hysterical anxiety of Kellogg. Happily we have progressed beyond the cynicism in Mexican relations which prevailed under the influence of Henry Lane Wilson and Albert B. Fall.

It is not altogether a happy or a hopeful picture in the total. The author quite properly fears that he may be partially or obliquely quoted, for his conclusions will no doubt give comfort to those who contend that Mexico is not ready for self-government. Gruening is in no such unequivocal position as Guy Stevens, for instance, who has never failed to insist on his main theme, the rights and wrongs of Americans in Mexico; this is a topic largely outside Gruening's purview. The conclusions of the author were posited upon the assumption that Obregón would succeed Calles and carry on the policies of the past eight years. Even so, he saw many an if arising to cast its shadow over a happy solution of the problem of Mexican success and prosperity. With that interesting personality violently removed from the scene the complexity of the situation is by no means lessened. It is just possible that the unexpected demonstration of sanity and calmness which has characterized the past few months of doubt and fear in Mexico is an earnest of a new capacity for self-restraint in the face of great peril; is it, perhaps, the phlegmatic endurance of the Indian, learning at last under bitter experience that the ways of violence and disorder are not the ways of accomplishment, and having the courage to hold still in the face of threatening cataclysm? If this is so, the friendly wounds of this able study of his problem will help him toward the realization of his hope of possessing both himself and his country.

The Riddle of Riddell

MEANING NO OFFENSE. By JOHN RIDDELL. New York: The John Day Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"JOHN RIDDELL'S" amusing and incisive work as book-reviewer extraordinary for *Vanity Fair* is now familiar to many. "Meaning No Offense" is a collection, according to a clever plan, of the most pungent comments and parodies he has contributed to that rather snobbish monthly publication. Here he is Trader Riddell, the Old Book Reviewer, in the Dark Continent of Contemporary Literature, and under his pseudonym (for "John Riddell" is actually a humorist of the day who has written a number of books of burlesque bearing his true name) he proceeds without fear or favor.

There is one parody in the book bound to rouse comment and controversy, and it is better to discuss this immediately. It constitutes the final chapter, is entitled "Dead Novelists are Good Novelists" and is an imitation of the foibles of the late Frances Newman's "Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers." Those unfamiliar with the actual manufacture of books may marvel that this parody has appeared so soon after the tragic death of a writer of some eminence. The circumstance is unfortunate, certainly,

THEODORE DREISER
As Covarrubias sees him in "Meaning No Offense."

and, we feel sure (though we have not the pleasure of knowing him) that Mr. "Riddell" himself would deplore as much as anyone being the cause of any pain to those in sincere grief. The facts, however, are these: The parody had already appeared in the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Indeed, we understand, it was read by Miss Newman at that time. The first edition of "Meaning No Offense" was completely printed and bound before Miss Newman's entirely unforeseen and untimely death. In view of these facts, and in view of Miss Newman's challenging position in contemporary letters, the publishers have thought fit to retain the chapter in the book. Hers was, indeed, a challenging position. In her own reviewing she maintained an individuality of opinion that did not eschew biting wit upon occasion. She elected, in the themes of her novels, and in her sharply individual treatment of them, to fling down a gage of battle to those bound to defend other standards of writing. Mr. Riddell's parody, written at a time when no one could possibly forecast the tragic end of her brilliant career, was penned in the same spirit as animated her own critical writing, to dissect, even to lampoon, with as sharp phrase as possible whatever in contemporary writing seemed to merit such treatment in the best interests of literature. Parody we have always with us; imitation, as we have heard all our lives, is the "sincerest form of flattery." There the case rests. Only writers above the average in power and originality draw upon themselves the shafts of parody. It is inevitable. The greatest of all time have been its subjects.

Take the case of the parody of Theodore Dreiser in the same volume. It is certainly equally drastic. Both pieces, considered as imitations of the style and design of the authors, and embodying Mr. Riddell's "reaction" to such styles and designs, are masterly. Yet, while the manner of writing of Theodore Dreiser has often wearied us so to tears that the parody delighted us, we have ourselves paid tribute as an average reader to his indubitable power. It would be idiotic to affirm that he is not one of the outstanding novelists of our day.

Parody, to be effective, must have a sharp edge and cut deep into the worst mannerisms of writing that may otherwise possess obvious merits. Parody, to be serviceable, must be the gadfly of the great or the near-great. Any meritorious writing is apt to be taken too seriously. Contemporary tendencies are subject to an inflation that it needs a parodist to prick. And one may remain, like the feminine gender, "of the same opinion still" concerning a writer, despite one's enjoyment of the shrewd thrusts of the parodist at his or her pampered idiosyncrasies.

For instance, in spite of Mr. Riddell's talented "take-off" of Dorothy Parker and Samuel Hoffenstein in his chapter "Poems Appraised at Practically Nothing," we continue deriving rare enjoyment from the best verses of these quite as caustic and quite a bit more scintillating versifiers who can also be true poets upon occasion. And when, in the chapter on Carl Van Vechten, "Jack Riddell" finds Elinor Glyn to be Carl's true "Mama" and discovers in "Spider Boy" nothing but a scheme to win the amorous suffrages of all the golden gals of Hollywood, we can enjoy his imaginative picture of Van Vechten smothered in yearning beauty, while at the same time reserving our own private opinion that Van Vechten's "Spider Boy" is a gorgeous burlesque of life in Hollywood.

* * *

Breaking Old Butterfly Riddell on a wheel, are we? Well, we have one more fracture to accomplish. There is another aspect of the book that appears in Riddell's treatment of Judge Lindsey in the chapter "Comparative Marriage." As John Galsworthy Riddell might himself have said, to paraphrase a paraphrase, "What I mean, not cricket. Utterly not cricket." Judge Lindsey, in the first place, has nothing to do with American literature. Furthermore, his work in Denver, in the Juvenile Court,—his championship of the young and his sincere, courageous endeavor to awaken the community and the country to their problems, and to arrive at some rational and humane solution of them, is to our mind one of the finest and most constructive efforts being made on the part of any one public servant in the United States. Such ridicule as Mr. Riddell has aimed at it is cheap. It is a mere snigger. It may, in his own flashing phrase "zigger the appetites of the most ho-hum," and convulse our "best people." But that just about lets it out.

So much for the heavy work on this book. How much did we actually enjoy it as humor? A good deal. And yet, somehow, the only time we caught ourselves laughing outright was over "Equestrianism for Ladies,"—a beautifully idiotic rendering of an old book of 1903 vintage, Lucille Eaton Hill's "Athletics for Women,"—and the outrageously funny finale of "A Child's View of America," even though Mr. Riddell would insist on spelling Hendrik Van Loon's first name with an interpolated "c." His imitations of Van Loon's pictures are superb. And there are other passages throughout this volume, a good many, that you will find both keen criticism and genuine joy. The parody of Hemingway, in "Corto Y Derecho" is highly successful, and relieved by a geniality that compensates for flashes of savagery apparent in the chapter on Katharine Mayo's "Mother India," and the reliance on the methods of slapstick and camorra in "Through Africa with Lipstick and Camera." And, oh yes, we quite relished "Strange Interview."

Finally, "Meaning No Offense" contains the best parodies we have seen since the heyday of Christopher Ward. It is certainly independent as the proverbial hog on ice. It has some "funny cracks." But we are not sure that "Trader Riddell" talking Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Beer, Aldous Huxley, and Alexander Woollcott in the Introduction, in successive short spurts, isn't the cleverest part of it. And we shouldn't forget the Covarrubias illustrations. They are prime.

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Modern Civilization

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of present phenomena, with consideration of their origins in the past, and a look forward to their pointing for the future. (As to the last, I remark parenthetically, the essay writers have, wisely perhaps, comparatively little to say.) Naturally, the position taken in the Introduction is that our civilization is "at bottom a civilization that rests upon machinery and science as distinguished from one founded on agriculture or handicraft commerce. . . . It is only about two hundred years old. . . ."

"For the present, machine civilization is associated with capitalism, under which large-scale production has risen to its present stage; but machine civilization is by no means synonymous with capitalism—that ever-changing scheme of exploitation." . . . . "Machine civilization . . . differs from all others in that it is highly dynamic, containing within itself the seeds of constant reconstruction."

One might controvert the last statement perhaps, and at all events, I wish Dr. Beard could have avoided the term "machine civilization," which has disparaging connotations for many of us, though Dr. Beard uses it innocently.

With the best will in the world I cannot say that the essays themselves open well. The first on "The Civilizations of the East and the West" is by an extraordinarily clever young Chinese radical, Hu Shih, who is somewhat more western than the west itself. In spite of considerable personal admiration for the writer, I feel that he is one of those rebellious Asiatics who has cast off all sense of the residuary and finer values of his own origins and antecedents, and has failed to grasp western thought, feeling, life in anything like its full embodiment. So he skates around smartly in a world of two dimensions, cutting figures which are as obvious as they are unsatisfying. Yet the central point he makes may have its truth, that the so-called "material civilization" of the west is less material and more spiritual than that "of the backward civilizations of the East."

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The second essay, "Ancient and Medieval Civilizations," may be passed over as flippant and foolish, and having no proper place in a book of serious discussion. Nor am I enthusiastic as to the third essay on "Science" by Bertrand Russell, whose genius none of us denies. The piece is below what he can do, and did for instance in his brilliant "A. B. C. of Atoms." Yet it is unfair to demand that a writer should always be at his best; and Mr. Russell makes a number of points which are worth the reader's notice.

In the next essay, upon "Business," we come, I had almost said unexpectedly, upon a masterpiece. The author, Julius Klein, at present Director of the Federal Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, is a masterly student of all forms of contemporary business and a writer on economic history. Nor does he fail to put the very best of himself in the essay which he contributes. He proposes to estimate Business "as a truly constructive factor in Western civilization." He will consider "how much of Western civilization would have been possible had there been no solid foundation of material prosperity in each successive age. . . ." Without holding a brief for the economic interpretation of history, he would "appraise the place of business in this picture, not simply as a thing of material substance, but as a vehicle for the progress of humanity in all directions. The world of business is not simply made up of machines and merchandise, of counting houses and factories. It is the expression of, indeed the very means of existence for, civilization."

Mr. Klein devotes the first part of his essay to a review of "some of the outstanding contributions of business throughout Western history, in terms not so much of their meaning in the narrower limits of economics, but in the broader sphere of general well-being." With broad grasp and incisive compression, he presents the threads and vivifying currents of industry and commerce from the Phoenicians downward through classic times, the Middle Ages, the age of Discovery, the industrial revolution, and the Napoleonic wars.

From this vantage point he turns to the characteristics of Business in our own innovating and revolutionary period. He finds much promise in the moralization of business since the last decades of the nineteenth century, its entire abandonment of the "public-be-damned" attitude, its self-defensive recognition of its vital functions in society. Briefly he sketches its amazing productive advance and growing sense of general and necessary relationships. In view of the quite transforming invention and acceptance of new methods, he points out the folly of any notion of "return to pre-war normalcy"; but there is a note of hesitation as to the transfer of American methods to the industrial communities of Europe where the all important element of mass-*consumption* does not exist on the same scale as in the United States. Space forbids my following him further through his closing hopeful pages.

It may be that some of the essays which follow spread themselves rather unavailingly over the broad meadows of their topics. I would not say this, however, of the well-considered article on Labor by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, which is written chiefly from an English standpoint. Howard Lee McBain on Law and Government, is mainly and not too hopefully descriptive of the present status of democracy. Emil Ludwig on War and Peace has little difficulty in demolishing the arguments for war, and at the end lays stress on the importance of eradicating its praise from the education of youth. C. E. A. Winslow, a recognized authority on public hygiene, writes upon Health instructively and impressively. He points to the falling birth rate as the modern and proper corrective of a too crowded population, —instead of the old remedies of war and pestilence; and he emphasizes the value of properly directed education for the maintenance of civic health and welfare, rather than reliance upon mandatory statutes. The visiting nurse has an important place in his distinctly cheerful outlook for the future.

I have only commendation for Havelock Ellis's up-to-date and manysided discussion of The Family —a warm topic now as always. George A. Dorsey is exceedingly militant in Race and Civilization, which is largely a protest against the recognition of any notion of a "higher" race, transmitting its superior qualities on and on.

James Harvey Robinson, once our most brilliant teacher of history, and for some years the best selling intellectual of the land, writes on Religion. It is said of a very learned theologian at one of our universities, "He doesn't believe in God, but he knows all about him." So is it with Robinson and religion. As a slight caution, or cavil, touching one of his arguments, drawn from the most modern views, which stresses "the overwhelming importance" of the religious impressions of childhood, I might suggest that it applies best to those whose religious sense has remained childish. Huxley, for instance, could never see anything in Christianity beyond the herd of Gadarene swine rushing down a precipice,—doubtless a recall from childhood, like some of the thoughts that come to the mind of Mr. Robinson.

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Nearing the end of my review, it remains to express my admiration for the compacted wisdom of the essay on the present status and pressing task of Philosophy by John Dewey. One may find in it the prolegomena for any serious and profound attempt to evaluate the content and import of modern western civilization, of which America is the most advanced symbol. It seeks to analyze and appraise this civilization *in principle*, that is intrinsically. It is charged with thought and penetrating consideraton. I will not venture any synopsis or restatement of Dewey's meaning, or many meanings. His objective is the application of philosophic thinking to the significance and possibilities of our industrial civilization, and the discovery of

> the full meaning of the experimental methods by which the advances of natural science have been made secure. In order to make this discovery, there is needed revision and even surrender of fixed prepossessions regarding the nature of mind, thought, and truth that are transmitted to us from a pre-experimental age. Ideas of these and allied subjects must be developed after the model and pattern of what competent inquirers actually *do* in the attainment of knowledge of facts and principles.

The essay is inclined to blame the thinness and academic aloofness from this task, of American philosophic thinking. One would not deny the fact that American thought so far has failed to come to grips with the problems of the civilization that finds its most extreme development in the United States. Yet it may be but natural that the generations engaged in breaking in new resources and opening new reaches of life should not be the ones to point the meaning of their strenuous activities.

Professor Dewey's essay should be read by all thoughtful people; and the book at large will be found interesting and suggestive to either casual or attentive readers.

A Submarine World

BENEATH TROPIC SEAS. A record of diving among the Coral Reefs of Haiti. By WILLIAM BEEBE. New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. KOFOID
University of California

A NEW world of life where movement in the third dimension is as easily accomplished as in the other two directions, has been visited by William Beebe, the biological headliner and correspondent from the realms of Neptune. This time he has abandoned steam and sail and donned the diving suit with which to explore No-Man's land five fathoms down, the coral jungles of Sea-Cow Reef, the Ceiling of the Bay, and other weird places off the coasts of Haiti.

It is a new and bizarre world to which the diver descends, for which rows of museum cases, tanks of pickled fish, and acres of bleached and lifeless corals of our more or less rancid museums of Unnatural History have but illy prepared us. Beneath the shimmering or rippling surface are waving forests, flower-decked plumes, star-spangled coral domes, and gorgeous spreading fans, all aglow with colors to portray which exhausts the paint-box of the spectrum. But all this riot of colorful plentitude bears only the similitude of leaf and flower. It is all of the other world. Even the fluffiest sting at a touch, and the multitudinous polyps withdraw and leave bare the purple trunk and branches as an "emotional autumn of fear sweeps over the full blown foliage swiftly as a shadow."

Something of the beauty and mystery of this new world below the waves creeps ever and anon into the lines of the book.

> I climbed six feet up a coral mountain and crouched behind a *chevaux-de-frise* of fret-work panels, hewn out of sheer ivory, and as I well knew, not-to-be-touched, because of glass edges and stinging cells. I now looked down and down from the visible reef rim, down into the void of the sea,—into that absolute blueness which leads the eye on forever. Yet conceals everything. It was like night reversed, that sky darkness which seems impenetrable at arm's length, and yet suddenly reveals the moon and distant stars.

The placid calm of these animal forests is invaded by the flocks of hard-beaked parrot fish who leisurely bite off huge mouthfuls of coral branches and standing vertically on their tails in mid water munch their quids while schools of diminutive wrasses swarm about to pick up the crumbs from the gourmand's table. Out among the eel grass on the sand flats the slender trigger fishes camouflage themselves head first down on the sand and pass off their waving tails as blades of the adjacent eel-grass Thalassia. The giant jelly fish leisurely pulsating by, hides within its capacious bell a hundred or two fishlets which live secure within the circle of envenomed tentacles. In the sheltered cove the seine brings to bag thousands of tiny fry, the forecast of giant tarpons to be, while the lure of the submerged Mazda alongside the ship at night attracts the crystal clear ribbon of a Leptocephalid fish larva, the pigment of whose eyes is the only visible part of its body when in the water.

This new world of submarine life known hitherto mainly to the naturalist only in the crushed and mutilated booty of the dredge, or in bleached and contracted shape in bottles and jars, is revealed here for all who may read, in word and phrase as rich and full of charm as are the iridescent and always graceful denizens of the coral jungle itself. To have mastered the technique of submarine exploration and to have ventured these vertical voyages is in itself an achievement. To portray so vividly and to introduce so gracefully the marine world to the public is an accomplishment which many admiring readers will appreciate and enjoy.

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The Yale Scientific School

HISTORY OF THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF YALE UNIVERSITY. By Russell H. Chittenden. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928. 2 vols.

Reviewed by Herbert E. Hawkes
Dean of Columbia College

THESE volumes tell the story of a bold and successful adventure in education. Before the middle of the nineteenth century, when education of collegiate grade was synonymous with a four years required course in the classical languages and philosophy, with a little mathematics thrown in, the idea of providing a curriculum based on the exact and natural sciences, supplemented by substantial attention to the modern languages, history, and economics gradually unfolded itself in the minds of the founders of this School. Starting with this novel educational idea, with a faculty of extraordinarily able and devoted scholars whom nothing but the vitality of a great idea could have gathered and held together, faced by financial difficulties, exposed for a long time to the academic chill of an unsympathetic Yale College, the School has gone forward for seventy years. During the course of these years a great change has taken place in the attitude of all who are interested in collegiate education. In fact, the principles which led to its organization have been so completely recognized and accepted that the necessity for its continuation in the form which contributed so much to the cause of sound education in this country has been questioned by the Yale authorities.

No one else could have related the story of this enterprise with the clearness and authority of Doctor Chittenden, who for over forty years has enriched the School by his distinguished scholarship and by his clearheaded and vigorous administration. Although filled with details of financial affairs, some of which seem somewhat trivial, and with biographical sketches of many of the teaching staff, both living and dead, the main outline of the narrative is almost tragic, at any rate dramatic, in its development.

* * *

Apparently the idea of a School of Applied Chemistry originated in the fertile brain of the elder Silliman before the year 1847. At any rate authorization for such a Course was granted by the Corporation of the College in that year, with the proviso that it should not involve them in any financial responsibility.

> In those early days there were few or no rules and regulations. Most of the men were mature, or if young in years they were wise in experience and they came to work, young and old alike. Freedom was the rule of the house, but the laboratory, poor though it was, was sufficiently attractive to hold the men through all the working hours of the day and sometimes into the night. There were no compulsory morning prayers, no compulsory church service, no compulsory study hours prescribed by higher authority, but each man was more or less a law unto himself and his one object was work. The time-honored traditions of college were not for them, and as a rule they had no interests outside the special field of their activities. The instruction they received was radically different from the usual type of college classroom work. It was mainly personal contact in the laboratory, where students worked out for themselves chemical reactions, studied the behavior of acids, bases, and salts, applied analytical methods for determining the composition of ununknown compounds, and in various ways gained first-hand knowledge of the facts and principles upon which chemical laws are based. In a sense, each man was an investigator, feeling his way carefully along paths which were unfamiliar, gaining strength and confidence as he progressed, and acquiring habits of self-reliance and the power of drawing sane and safe deductions from observed facts. The professor and his assistant were there to guide and to advise, not to drive along an unattractive path, and hence there was engendered a freedom of thought and action conducive to mental independence. This laboratory practice naturally adapted itself to the specific needs of the individual, and consequently with a group of a dozen or more men, various phases of work were in progress from which all could derive some benefit.

This course was not introduced into the regular undergraduate curriculum because it was feared that it would interfere with the object of that course as "training for the mind." Imagine work of the nature just described under the elder Silliman and John P. Norton ruled out because it did not afford "training for the mind!"

During the early years, and in fact down to a comparatively recent date, the handicap of insufficient funds prevented as rapid an expansion of the work of the School as seemed desirable at the time. This handicap, however, did not dampen the ardor or reduce the loyalty of the Faculty, which contained some of the most distinguished scholars and far-sighted educational leaders to be found in the entire land at that or any later time. An educational idea that could capture and hold the devotion of men like William D. Whitney, Othniel C. Marsh, Daniel C. Gilman, Francis A. Walker, and Thomas R. Lounsbury, could not by any possibility be unimportant or unsound.

In addition to the emphasis placed on the importance of science, not only as a basis for engineering and scientific professional work, but as a worthy part of a liberal education, the other great educational idea that Dr. Chittenden's History constantly emphasizes is the importance of adapting education to the individual needs and capacities of the student so far as is practicable in a large institution. This idea was clearly expressed in a "confession of faith" written by Daniel C. Gilman and issued by the Governing Board of the School in 1868.

> The higher benefits of education are not within the reach of every one; a host of minds are limitedly receptive of general culture; are capable, perhaps, of becoming fair specialists in some line which engages all their energies; nothing more. All education is to this extent experimental and liable to failure. The liability does however constitute a powerful and valid argument against limiting education to one unvarying pattern, since many a mind which is repelled and stagnated by one set of studies may be incited to independent and healthy action by another.

The organization in 1868 of a Course Preparatory to Medical Studies is further evidence of the vitality of the conviction that education should be provided for man, and not man for a cut and dried educational scheme.

That the School satisfied a large human need for the kind of education which it offered is not a debatable question. Whether the characteristic administrative devices of a three years course, the so-called Select Course, separate school laboratories, and independent Trustees were to a determining degree the basis for the success of the School is, perhaps open to question. The writer is unable to imagine the successful working out of the ideas for which the Sheffield Scientific School has stood throughout all these years without the measure of independence afforded by these devices. When, therefore, the Corporation of Yale University in 1919 took action abolishing the Select Course, doing away with the old three year arrangement, developing the policy of university rather than School laboratories, and taking steps toward combining the Trustees of the Scientific School with those of the University, it destroyed pretty much all that had made the School possible and had distinguished it from other institutions of higher learning.

This is where the tragedy appears in Dr. Chittenden's story. To trace the growth of the School through its many vicissitudes, to see the scales of prejudice against scientific education gradually fall from the eyes of the colleges, to follow Yale College through its attitudes of neglect and misunderstanding up to an acceptance of the principle that the School was founded to carry forward, finally ending in the modification of some of the features that have most distinguished the School, is indeed tragic to one who had played so large a rôle in building it all.

Whether Yale could have reorganized her University administration without smashing the Scientific School it is useless to discuss. Dr. Chittenden thinks that it could have been done. Certain it is that the present arrangement of a Common Freshman Year with its separate staff and administration seems to Dr. Chittenden most unsound as an educational device. The writer has not seen the arguments of Dr. Chittenden against this unique plan successfully met, either in theory or through its practical operation.

The book is evidently a labor of love on Dr. Chittenden's part. The spirit of kindly appreciation of the efforts of those who have contributed to the development of the School is beautiful in its simplicity and sincerity. Yale men who are interested in the facts regarding the Scientific School, will read these volumes with the keenest interest, and they will remain a definitive account of one of the boldest and most successful adventures in American educational history.

"Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, is working on what is expected to be his most important long poem," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "Although Dr. Bridges is now in his eighty-fifth year, he goes daily for a long walk at Boar's Hill, Oxfordshire, where he is a neighbor of John Masefield."

Illustrious Men

THE MODERN PLUTARCH. By John Cournos. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1928.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

MR. COURNOS'S "Men" are reasonably "Illustrious," but for the most part he does not give "Lives" even in outline. Half of his subjects are men of letters, which is not as good material for narrative as Plutarch's men of action. He gives scenes, and floods the scenes with interpretative comment. A Plutarch Life gets underway almost immediately, covers the whole life with a straight story, and owes its grip partly to the skill of selection, partly to the manner of the telling. Mr. Cournos seeks to achieve this "grip" by dramatic gesture and fictional technique. "John Brown, Traitor and Patriot" begins "It was night; it was Sabbath; it was mid October—to be exact the 16th—the year 1859"—which is not of Plutarch, but of Dickens and Hugo. It ends with December 2nd of the same year, Stonewall Jackson and Col. Preston present at the death and expressing themselves characteristically, but not yet knowing: "that at the moment the sheriff smote hard with his hatchet, and John Brown's body swung into space, his soul was released, and was, according to its appointed destiny, already marching on"—which is good of its kind, though it could be bettered by pruning and revision. "Appointed destiny" is an empty gesture, and it was not the "release," but only the "marching on" that Jackson and Preston were unaware of.

Plutarch begins his Life of Pompey by remarking that the people of Rome had an extraordinary and constant affection for Pompey which it is not easy to explain. He nowhere really solves the mystery. He seems to leave it to be tacitly inferred that there must have been something curiously lovable about the man to account for that constant affection and for Cæsar's tears — something which his behavior and otherwise apparent character does not indicate. Coming at length to the death of Pompey, he writes: "He therefore, taking up his gown with both hands, drew it over his face, and neither saying or doing anything unworthy of himself, only groaning a little, endured the wounds they gave him, and so ended his life in the fifty-ninth year of his age"; and after a few following incidents concludes "The ashes were carried to his wife Cornelia, who deposited them at his country house near Alba."

Is it not plain that this plainness, this restraint, is a better kind of thing? Plutarch sometimes makes gestures, but is at his best when he does not, and he never strikes an attitude. Mr. Cournos's "Traitor and Patriot" may be good even if journalistic, but Plutarch would probably suggest that it belongs in the "Comparison," not in the title, that it is a combination of epithets which calls for analysis rather than headline assertion. Brown was not a traitor in the common meaning and effect of the word, though his act was treason among the legal inclusions of the latter word.

The trouble with Plutarch is that he moralizes not only too much but conventionally. The trouble with Mr. Cournos is not that he borrows something from Plutarch, but that he does not borrow enough. He seems to feel that his title was forced upon him in order to forestall a charge of plagiarism, but the scruple seems strained. We all borrow and imitate. Every influence is to some extent a model. The question is not what we take, but what we put in. It is odd if no one before has borrowed the obviously interesting idea of pairs of lives and "Comparisons." The title and the borrowed "idea" has this disadvantage that one reads Mr. Cournos remembering Plutarch, who is plain, powerful, quiet in manner, and mature in his relation to the men and affairs of the great world. Mr. Cournos's work has nothing to do with Plutarch, beyond the poisings and Comparisons. A "modern" biographer can be as quiet as an ancient classic; some of them are. But some of this "evil and perverse generation" are writing biography fictionally; some of them are writing it theatrically, and thinking it dramatic; some of them are writing it journalistically, more or less yellow; which would seem to indicate an uncivilized and half baked generation.

Of course this fierce language does not all apply to Mr. Cournos, but one can only record a belief that his technique is wrong and Plutarch's right, and a regret that the Plutarchian technique was not borrowed along with the Plutarchian "idea."

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A Pagan Heroine

SCARLET SISTER MARY. By JULIA PETERKIN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

WHAT needs most to be said about Mrs. Peterkin's second novel and third book is that it represents a very definite advance in the technical handling of rarely interesting material, without any sacrifice of the notable qualities of honesty, sincerity, sympathy, and keen observation that made "Black April" and "Green Thursday" landmarks of first importance in the south's current literary revival.

"Green Thursday," a collection of short stories, left behind it an impression of freshness; it sounded a new note in the handling of rich race material by a Southern author. The stories in the volume were wholly free from the several *clichés* that have attached themselves to the treatment of the negro in fiction. They had a primal vigor, a direct and at times shocking brutality, prompted, however, by nothing except the author's unmistakable desire to set down the life about her wholly and without mitigation.

"Black April," Mrs. Peterkin's first novel, was as definite an advance over "Green Thursday" as "Scarlet Sister Mary" is over "Black April," if one may fairly set up a comparison that includes a novel and a collection of short stories. "Black April," among its other striking qualities, showed Mrs. Peterkin's ability to create living characters, and at the same time to give them universality. It furnished, too, a picture of life on a remote Southern plantation that is the finest thing of its kind in American literature.

"Black April" suffered from overcrowding. Mrs. Peterkin was over-lavish with incident, with folk-lore, with characters. The book seemed to be born of an overpowering inner urge, and to have eluded the shaping power that would have given it more sharply realized form, made it a more admirable work of art. As in "Green Thursday" there was emphasis upon the physically disagreeable, which, while wholly honest on the part of Mrs. Peterkin, troubled a good many readers.

In "Scarlet Sister Mary" Mrs. Peterkin seems calmer and surer of herself. The book has a direct simplicity that is perfectly suited to the subject. It has, besides, the deeply felt and felicitously expressed beauty of the plantation that is its setting, an occasional loveliness of picture that is never tinged with artificiality. Mrs. Peterkin has sacrificed nothing of consequence to write more easily and more happily.

* * *

Mary is introduced to us as a slim and handsome girl of fifteen, well brought up, and good. She marries July, twin brother of June, and the catch of the plantation. July's roving eye soon lights upon Cinder, a predatory female. But he stays with Mary until after the birth of their child, who is christened Unexpected, and called Unex for short, his advent being ahead of the proper schedule. When he leaves, Mary is broken-hearted. She grieves until at last the hard lesson is learned that no man is worth a drop of water from a woman's eye, and then she embarks upon the career that is to earn for her the characterization of Scarlet Sister.

Affair after affair fills her husbandless cabin with children, to the utter scandalization of her friends and neighbors. In spite of their strictures upon her mode of life, she takes care of her curiously mixed brood with tenderness and capability. There is meat and meal in the cupboard and a good roof overhead, for Mary is a good worker, and the children a happy family, in spite of their odd parentage. July returns, and is scorned. Unex comes home from the North with his motherless child and dies, leaving the little one to Mary's care, when she has twins of her own, and another baby of her eldest daughter's.

If at last Mary is brought back into the fold of the godly, she leaves the front door of the church with a delightfully significant remark; not for nothing does she realize that she has been kept young and slim and full of fire and the love of life by the unspoiled joy and the irresponsibility of her sinning.

Without straining in the least, Mrs. Peterkin has made a pagan figure of Mary with something closely akin to magnificence about her; a reincarnation of the Bona Dea, the Great Mother, whose worship has endured so long in the world because it is so profoundly and surely rooted in a fundamental human emotion. Mary thrives because she is able to realize to the fullest the physical completion of motherhood; she is not concerned with the moral scruples of the community, neither is she disturbed by economic difficulties.

One might wish to compare her with some of the great mistresses in French history, were it not for the fact that she is no mere creature of a man's pleasure; she accepts willingly and even gladly the results of her sinning, and in consequence is less a black Diana than a black Venus, an Earth-spirit, fecund as are the fecund fields about her, and yielding her increase as naturally as they.

The lesser characters in Scarlet Sister Mary's biography are admirably done. Maum Hannah and Daddy Cudjoe we have met before; here we are introduced to a distinguished gallery of portraits in ebony, Budda Ben, the crippled friend of Mary, July, Doll, and Cun Andrew, the blacksmith, and others.

Mrs. Peterkin has managed in "Scarlet Sister Mary" to keep the dialect at a minimum. What is left is skilfully handled, and there is sufficient to give the narrative the needed flavor. "Scarlet Sister Mary" should find an even wider audience than "Black April." It very firmly establishes its author as an interpreter of negro character; but more than this, it leaves no room for doubt that she is a novelist whose work has enduring quality.

A Great Polish Novel

ASHES. By STEFAN ZEROMSKI. Translated from the Polish by HELEN STANKIEWICZ ZAND. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. 2 vols. $3 ea.

Reviewed by R. DYBOSKI

University of Cracow

THE historical novel occupies a peculiar position in Polish literature. Ever since the indefatigable J. I. Kraszewski, in the middle years of the nineteenth century, had, in his numerous volumes, built up a library of Polish historical fiction for his generation, Poles had become accustomed to turn for comfort, from the day-to-day afflictions of their captivity, to such literary records of a glorious past. This national mission of the historical novel was raised to a high plane of literary art in the thirteen masterly volumes of H. Sienkiewicz's famous Trilogy of stories of Poland's seventeenth century wars ("Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "The Little Knight"), a work which has always been more popular among the Poles, and stood higher in their literary estimation, than the later and world-renowned "Quo Vadis" by the same author. Since Sienkiewicz, almost every Polish novelist of note, once at least in his career, and usually at the height of it, makes a bid for fame in the field of the historical novel, which has become recognized as the highest aim of a fiction-writer's literary ambition.

Since Sienkiewicz's death during the War (1916), only one name in Polish literature has become known to the world at large, as his name had been: the name of W. S. Reymont, whose four-volume prose epic of Polish peasant life ("The Peasants") won for him the Nobel Prize. In Poland itself, Stefan Zeromski, who died within a week or two of Reymont, in December 1925, was Reymont's rival for the supreme place among latter-day novelists, and he certainly held, in the opinion of the younger generation, whose idol he was, a more representative position in the nation's literary life than was ever accorded to Reymont.

* * *

Incapable, with his nervous and passionate temperament, of the sustained effort which produced Reymont's "Peasants," Zeromski, on the other hand, scattered magnificent flashes of intense artistic power through a long and varied range of novels and plays, and he does not stand in Poland's literary annals, like Reymont, as the man of one book. From the crowning work of his younger days, the ineffably sad social story of "Homeless People (1899), to the powerful presentation of the ferments of the new Polish Republic's earliest years, "Before Spring Comes" (1924), there is ample choice of different kinds of excellence among a series of works all breathing a fire of lyrical emotion utterly foreign to Reymont's objective realism. They also breathe all of them a pessimism for which Zeromski is unique among modern Polish writers. This had probably developed into an essential quality of his personal nature amidst the depressing gloom that surrounded his childhood, spent in Russian Poland after the downfall of the hopeless armed rising of 1863. It was the tragedy of this rising that Zeromski himself commemorated on its fiftieth anniversary, in a novel entitled "The Faithful River."

* * *

More than once in the course of his rich and diversified literary career did Zeromski turn to Polish history for subjects of novels and plays; he ranges, in his historical fiction and drama, from the half-legendary origins of the Polish State in the tenth century ("Walter the Goodly Wight") to the height of Poland's power and the beginnings of her inner decay in the great sixteenth century ("The Lay of the Leader"), and from these again to such calamities of the century of Poland's captivity as the terrible peasant revolt in Austrian Poland in 1846 ("The Skin of the Beast"). But for the subject of his highest effort on a larger scale in this historical field he chose a period surrounded with particular splendor of heroism in the eyes of the Pole: the wanderings and battles of those Polish soldiers who, gathering on foreign soil after the downfall of the old Polish State, followed the banners of Napoleon in all his campaigns through twenty world-shaking years, from the gardens of Italy to the sands of Egypt, and from the orange groves of Spain to the snowy wastes of Russia. Recompensed for their loyal services by the creation of a small and short-lived "Duchy of Warsaw," they faithfully shared Napoleon's defeats and disasters, and clung to him to the end.

This record of Polish knight-errantry and chivalrous loyalty had often fired the imagination of Polish writers and painters; the thunders of Napoleon's wars had accompanied the idyllic story of Poland's great national epic, the "Pan Tadeusz" of Adam Mickiewicz (1834). Zeromski dealt with the theme in more direct fashion: in his three-volume novel "Ashes" (*Popioly*), published in the first years of the twentieth century at the same time with Reymont's "Peasants," he follows the fate of some imaginary Polish soldiers of Napoleon's throughout their foreign campaigns, and finally into the new Duchy of Warsaw and its few years' valiant struggle for existence. He ends his story on the eve of the great Russian war of 1812, which Napoleon proclaimed as his "second Polish war," and which was to become the crisis of his fortunes.

The artistic triumph undoubtedly achieved by Zeromski in his historical novel is attained by a method of minute realism of detail and by a vividness of local coloring to which the author's emotional nature lends its peculiar glow. The result is a Napoleonic epic in prose which may well be placed side by side with Tolstoy's monumental "War and Peace." The mood, here as elsewhere in Zeromski's work, is one of tragic bitterness from beginning to end. That note is struck in the very title of the book: "Ashes,"—as if the author wished to indicate from the outset that the flame of the heroism of Napoleon's Polish soldiers only leapt up for a brief while from the ashes of the old Poland, to sink back into those ashes again.

* * *

It is this great work, with its singular union of imaginative vision with tragic inspiration, that now is presented to the American public in the noble, fluent, and eminently readable translation of Mme. Stankiewicz Zand. And it is to illustrate the dominant lyrical note of the book, as well as the high value of the English translation, that I venture to quote, in conclusion, from a quintessential chapter of the work, these profoundly sad words of the organizer of the Polish troops on Italian soil in 1797, General Dombrovski, to a Polish visitor at his headquarters:

> How much blood, pain, and toil, how much glory will sink into foreign fields—who can guess? But something will remain. Of all the roads which part and cross, some one road will bring us to the goal! Our veins will burst, and blood will gush from beneath our nails, but there is no other way. One must tread the eternal path. One must atone for everything and build one's spirit in suffering. As for me, they will find me everywhere and always, as long as there is strength in these bones, and blood in these veins. Nothing will turn me from the road I have chosen . . . . My companions in misery—
>
> *la compagna malvagia e scempia*
> *Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle,*
> *Che tutta ingrata, tutta matta ed empia*
> *Si fara contra te. . . . .*

as the banished Dante wrote here, in this very Verona.

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Ancestral Voices

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY. By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE is the son of Lucy Arnold, Matthew Arnold's daughter, who married an American; he is therefore great-grandson of the famous headmaster of Rugby from 1828 to 1842. He has written a competent and judicious life of his ancestor on a very modest scale in unpretending English. The instinct that expounds and judges is so far dominant in Dr. Whitridge that, from the close of Chapter Second, narration merges into essay. Sensible as the essay is, it substitutes valuation for picture, and Arnold was too picturesque a man to be capturable in his entirety by an estimate. A man whose frown darkened class-rooms and whose smile was invaluable to nurseries, whose pet name for his children was dogs, who made a guest of a boy whom he had suspended for delinquency, deserved to be limned as well as measured. Our author, in spite of an interesting new letter or so, seems to repel the concrete even when it knocks at his door. Dean Stanley, first biographer, had told movingly the story of Arnold's death. Dr. Whitridge neither copies Stanley, nor retells the facts. He has a vague sense of homage in relinquishment; in such cases the true homage is appropriation.

Two things in Thomas Arnold's work as educator must be discriminated,—his methods and his spirit. The methods at our distance are not imposing, not even as advances on the methods they replaced. He governed the school through the sixth-form boys. He broadened the curriculum with a moderation which, courageous in his own time, seems timid to our exacting retrospect. He would have been more presentable to the twentieth century if he had abolished the flogging and fagging which he was content to minimize and chasten. His strength lay in the spirit of his work, and even here, where his temper approximates our own, his language keeps an alienating distance. He wanted his boys to be "Christian gentlemen." Both words are noble, yet somehow—in 1928—inopportune. Is it the fault of Dickens or of Nietzsche that in our day—to exemplify both points from the same novel—"Christian" has a smack of Mr. Chadband and "gentleman" of the senior Mr. Turveydrop? In addition to all this, while his mind in detail was exceptionally clear, in the sum total of his opinions there was perversity and inconsequence. Arnold had inconsistent instincts in plenty, and he had a true Englishman's reluctance to sacrifice any of his instincts to consistency. But, when all is said, Thomas Arnold was a true man; if not quite a great man, he was a high fact. Even Thomas Carlyle saw that; even the bear-cubs on the Rugby playground saw it: if the twentieth century, under Dr. Whitridge's skilful guidance, fails to see it, it will be duller than a Rugby boy.

* * *

That guidance is the more necessary because Arnold's opinions, which largely constitute the book, in a degree and in a sense, misrepresent the man, and it is much to Dr. Whitridge's credit that, while the opinions are neither blinked nor glozed, the man is not misrepresented. Through all the obstructions he transpires. The biographer never allows candor to impeach loyalty nor loyalty to become uncandid. Great-grandsonship in our time, even when loyal, is not perfervid, and Dr. Whitridge agrees so frankly and so promptly with many of the reader's reservations that the reader, propitiated and disarmed, joins with him in a manly heartiness of tribute.

Matthew Arnold, one conjectures, was to Thomas what Thomas Babington Macaulay was to Zachary,—sound sons, both, of still sounder fathers, the half-mute vigor of the sire losing a little force, while it gained complete articulation, in the son. Thomas Arnold, it may be observed, was one of the rare cases in which a man by converging accidents gained a fame which he really deserved, but which desert, unassisted, would normally have failed to bring about. One of the converging accidents was Matthew; another was Thomas Hughes.

Sir Michael Sadleir furnishes an introduction, acceptable enough as a piece of writing, but too long and too anticipative of the topics of the book. It is an usher's part to do his work and disappear; Sir Michael is averse to disappearance.

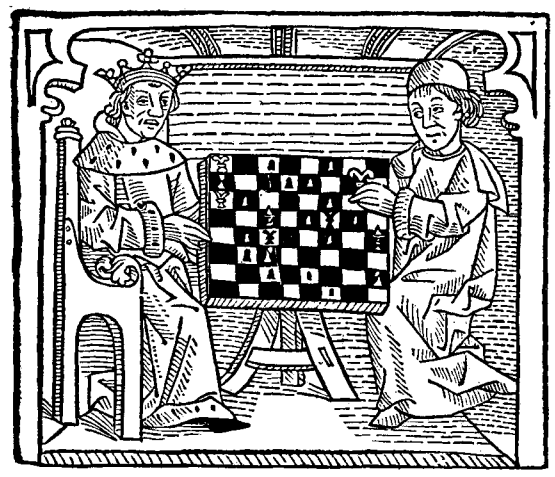
The BOWLING GREEN

The Cow and the Engineer

In the absence of Mr. Morley's weekly columns we print the following article by Professor Bennett.

FIRST for the cow. In early heiferdom she fled from home and the paths of orderly existence. Thus she got no education worthy of the name. From what I know of her later career she must have been a Swiss cow. I picture her as a high-spirited youngster who found intolerable that silly bell upon her neck which tintinabulated at every movement, and so shook the damned thing off and betook herself to the high Alps where the maddening ministrations of the Swiss peasant were unknown. There she consorted with chamois, adopted their wild ways, and learned to leap from rock to rock successfully if unbeautifully. Grass was scarce in the high altitudes she had chosen, and her taste in food became perforce catholic. She would and did eat edelweiss, sandwiches discarded by climbers, alpenstocks, and whatever casual débris Nature or Luck might throw in her path. She was not carnivorous, but she looked it, and woe betide the unhappy climber who invaded her domain. She would come bounding at him with distended nostrils, carrying her tail aloft like a banner. A Dreadful Anomaly! The creature that should have shambled now almost flew, and where one looked for bovine placidity one found a Berserk madness. Oh, believe me, she was a wild one!

There came a time when she was captured and brought back and schooled to the unoffending ways of the home pastures. History unfortunately is silent about this stage in her career. All we know is that she ended up at last in an Irish field. What did she dream of, I wonder, during the long ruminative hours when she chewed the sweet cud over and over? Sometimes, I am sure, if you had been watching her, you would have seen the utter vacuity that marks the features of the normal cow give place to something vivacious and even romantic. For a moment her eye would light up, her nostrils widen, her breath come fast, and her whole body tremble. You might have divined that she was dreaming of her ancient freedom, of the hours when she had ranged the high mountain slopes or stood on some peak that fronted the dawn, waving her tail athwart the azure and challenging the abyss. Those were the days! You would see her then hoick herself up with a grunt to go galumphing round the meadow, and you would know that her fiery spirit was not wholly quenched and that the slow poison of domesticity had not yet drugged her to final acceptance of her lot.



The first English book illustration, reproduced from Caxton's "Game and Playe of Chesse" in A. Edward Newton's "This Book-Collecting Game." (Little, Brown.)

Consider now that other figure, the engineer. The only point of contact between them at this stage is that it is a far cry from one to the other. But wait. His history is largely surmise, but by the time you have finished the story you will, I am sure, be ready to support my guesses. His parents dedicated him to engineering from infancy. His earliest lispings were of levers, and he prattled of pulleys and pendulums. He built not with blocks but with structural steel designed for infant hands. His fairy tales were those of Science, and his first drawings were the offspring of protractor and compass. Through school and college he held himself tense upon his ambition as the arrow in the stretched bow is all desire for the mark. Literature, Nature, Art existed for him only as subjects required—Heaven only knew why!—for examinations, to be forgotten as soon as examinations were over. But he hit the mark. He became an expert, one who knew all the intricacies of Internal Combustion as a sea-bird knows the currents of the air.

In his way he was an even more dreadful anomaly than the cow. Her only fault, if fault it may be called, was excess of animal spirits; his was the sin of diminution: he had allowed himself to shrink to the stature of a Mere Specialist. But nature had her revenge. There came a day when both mind and body broke down. If this had happened in our time I suppose he would have munched yeast cake after yeast cake and have become a superman at the end of a month, but he consulted an old-fashioned doctor who ordered complete rest and an outdoor life.

And now let me ask you to imagine what would happen if the cow and the engineer were to meet. You reply, "That is too fantastic a supposition." Ah! but they *did* meet. And here is where we leave conjecture and surmise behind and tread the firm ground of fact. For the record of that encounter exists in cold print for all to read. Strange to think that Fate should have brought these two together across half the width of the world; that while he was poring over machines and she was following whithersoever her wild cow's heart dictated, every moment their predestined meeting was drawing nearer. There are times, I suppose, when some impulse of macabre humor takes the Dark Sisters and they weave an antic fancy into the fabric. However that may be, what I know for certain is that some years ago there appeared in *The Irish Times* a paragraph headed "A Wonderful Cow." It told how a "gentleman farmer," whose name deserves and shall have oblivion, was fined five pounds and costs for cruelty to a cow. "The beast," it seems—for thus a purblind reporter described this creature whose proper place is with the figures of mythology—"had caused the defendant some annoyance. Whereupon he procured a double-barreled gun and discharged it into the hind-quarters of the cow, practically riddling it with pellets, some of which were extracted." When you remember that this was a *gentleman* farmer you realize that after a few lines you are already in a world where all values have been "transvaluated," and so you will not be surprised at the defence. "For the defence it was stated that defendant was an engineer who took to farming for his health, and suffered from inexperience." But never mind! In the closing sentence the cow comes sublimely into her own and the customary sober speech of the law rises to a pitch of eloquence worthy of the theme. "The cow was the worst in the county. It jumped fences like a Welsh sheep, drank its own milk, and (in the words of the defending barrister) 'ate everything it could lay its hands on.'"

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

"Some time ago," says the London *Observer*, "there was discovered in the Petersburg Hermitage an Egyptian papyrus, called, because of its special character, the 'Mathematical Papyrus.' The Russian savant, Professor Struve, who has since given much time to deciphering the mathematical formulæ contained in it, has now, according to reports in the Austrian press, issued an account of his investigations, in which he declares himself convinced that the builders of the Sphinx and the Pyramids were as advanced in mathematical knowledge as Europeans in the Middle Ages. In fact, he finds from the papyrus that what the mathematicians of the Middle Ages in Europe hailed as new discoveries were common knowledge to the Egyptian mathematicians three thousand years before.

"The papyrus has been found to be the work of an Egyptian mathematical student who lived in the eighteenth century B. C. It is five metres long, and contains twenty-five mathematical propositions, including ordinary Arithmetic (Rule of Three), Algebra, and Geometry. Two of the most interesting problems solved are those of the volume of a pyramid, and of the surface area of a sphere. One striking feature of the papyrus is the remarkably fine orthography used by this unknown student of the past."

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Books of Special Interest

Proletarian Literature

TOOLS AND THE MAN. By HELEN D. LOCKWOOD. Columbia University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON.

IN these days of rapid revaluation and parlous change, this book, seemingly so unpretentious, bears significant meanings for present as well as future generations. This may seem arrant exaggeration to those unfamiliar with, or reluctant to admit, the effect of social change upon the substance of literature. Nevertheless, the facts remain, and since the revolution in Russia, they have taken on a newer and more audacious and sweeping turn. Today we are confronted with a realization, in terms of a national culture, of the trend that in the nineteenth century had only begun clumsily to finger its way into form.

When Amable Tastu, several generations ago, maintained that "it is to the proletariat, to the people in the true sense of the word, that now belongs the creative and primary rôle of poetry" she voiced an opinion that in our own day has developed into a philosophy. Amable Tastu wrote at that time when proletarian poets had become an arresting phenomenon in France. Pierre Dupont, Jasmin, Poncy, Reboul, Gilland, Moreau, and Peridiguier had all become known, and in many instances earned high esteem. George Sand had interested herself in their poetry, had featured Peridiguier as a character in one of her novels, and Gilland in another. In her own revolutionary enthusiasm for the new change in life and literature, she had even written that "the elements of the future ought to be a race of proletarians, wild, proud, and ready to claim the rights of mankind by force," and had devoted her novel "Consuelo" to the expression of her social faith. In her reaction there is something distinctly akin to that of Reboul who, during the same period, contended that poetry should not be an aim in itself, but an art made effective by its dedication to the "social good." In the attitude of Champfleury there was eager cognizance of the nature of the change which had so profoundly affected Sand, and had made Reboul and Dupont into real poets of the people.

Miss Lockwood, intelligently appreciative of the influence of economic conditions upon society and literature, and in particular upon the proletariat, has traced in this book, "Tools and the Man," the growth of proletarian poetry during the mischievous years between 1830 and 1848. She has confined her criticism to English and French proletarians, although she has included the German writer Weitling within the scope of her study. Her research has been exceedingly thorough and meticulous, and while her manner of analysis and exposition is often lacking in vigor, the very nature of her materials cannot deny the presence of challenge. Among English proletarian writers, her discussion of the life and writings of Thomas Cooper, the worker who was Kingsley's prototype for Alton Locke, is most exhaustive and excellent. In Cooper's poetry as well as prose, we find an embodiment, in divers forms, of his memorable words: "what is the obtaining of all knowledge . . . . compared to the real honor, whatever seeming disgrace it may bring, of struggling to win the social and political rights of millions." Her account of Perdiguier is scarcely less engaging and instructive. As editor of *L'Atélier*, as author of "Le Livre du Compagnonage," we see him, the proletarian poet, trying to engender into language something of the vision of his people. It is in Pierre Dupont, however, that we meet with a finer achievement. In such a poem as "Le Chant des Ouvriers," which Baudelaire described as "magnificent," or its twin "Le Pain," we have proletarian talent that makes Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides" or even Moreau's "Myosotis" seem childishly inferior. George Sand's rebuke to Poncy, whom she had one time said would be "the greatest poet of France if vanity which kills our bourgeois poets does not approach (his) noble heart" is signal. The verses of Poncy which evoked her rebuke were written in the romantic style:

> Are you a bourgeois poet or a proletarian poet? If you are the former, you can sing all the voluptuousness of all the sirens in the world without ever having known a single one . . . But if you are a child of the people, and the poet of the people, you should not leave the bosom of Desirée to run after Indian dancers and to sing about their voluptuous arms . . . The poet of the people has lessons of virtue to give to our corrupted classes and if he is not more austere, more pure, and more truly a lover of good than our poets, he is merely an imitator, their ape, their inferior.

The challenging issue which Miss Lockwood's work brings again to the attention of the literary public is partially expressed in the words of Etienne Arago, who, in discussing proletarian poets, maintained that "these are the preliminary and infallible signs of an approaching political emancipation against which pretentious statesmen will stiffen their arms in vain." But it is really more than that. It is not only that the rising interest in the proletariat is a social phenomenon of distinct omen; it is not only that the writers from the proletariat who sing not the lyrics of a lovesick Burns, but the lyrics of revolt, are an occurrence of serious moment; it is that within the radius of this change and revolt there lies the seeds of a new culture. Until the eighteenth century, European literature was aristocratic; its concepts, its ideas, its movement were derived from the aristocratic classes that nurtured its creators if not its creation. Then it became the expression of the rising bourgeois class. Since then, tremendous changes have occurred in social life, and over the western world we find the growth of proletarian writers, and in Soviet Russia the rapid evolution of a proletarian state. If Miss Lockwood will turn her attention in another book to the German proletarian poets she will find this same trend in German prose. To-day the trend has become a movement. It has its expression in every country in which industry has crept, in Japan as well as France, in Australia and Mexico as well as Germany and England. Back in the thirties, as Miss Lockwood reminds us, Carlye declared that "Tools and the Man—that were now our Epic." It will have to be from this new trend that will come, a century later, this Epic. But will it not mean more than an epic? Perhaps a new culture?

Forecasts

WORLD DRIFT. By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.

TWO chapters in the group of random sociological observations by the author of "Standing Room Only?" are worthy of particular note. The first concerns the tremendous intensification of industrial capital in the United States during the eighty years from 1840 to 1920; the second deals with the future of India. The industrial revolution, points out the author, has never stopped. "Only now it takes the form, not of the replacement of hand tool by machine, but of the replacement of the simple machine by the more elaborate and costly machine." This factor, in turn, has tremendously intensified the stake of capital in its enterprise. Whereas in 1840 the average investment of capital per worker in American manufacturing was $328, by 1920 it had grown to $4,901. And in some industries, notably the generation of power, it had reached $35,000 per worker. Dr. Ross sees sinister implications in this growing percentage of capital in industry. By the year 2000, he predicts, more than half the wealth produced in industry will go to the capitalist class, and democracy will be thrust into the discard. More public ownership is his remedy, but he restricts his prescription to the public-utility field where the capital investment per worker runs above $15,000.

India, in Dr. Ross's opinion, faces a future not unlike that of Canada, when the bitter Nationalist and the die-hard Britisher have composed their differences in compromise. There will never come a dramatic moment when the last boat load of British officialdom sails back to England. Eventually India will have her autonomy, but only when natural evolution and a more enlightened authority have mapped out a group of states, few enough to be dealt with adequately by popular government, but of sufficient number to express a part of the sectionalism which now is divided between 731 native governments. Britain, believes Dr. Ross, has piled up her own difficulties by refusing to take stock of her changed situation and Indian sensibilities. When more enlightenment is applied, the dreaded *Swaraj* will evolve naturally into a United States of India, nominally administered by a British governor-general and bound by more amiable ties to the buildings on the Thames.

ROADS TO THE NORTH

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

Author of "A Thread of English Road," etc.

CHARLES S. BROOKS, who not long ago journeyed to Canterbury, takes to the English road again. This time he is on a cycling trip from Southampton to the border of Scotland through Salisbury, Old Sarum, Avebury, Chipping Campden, Stratford, Warwick, Lichfield, the Dukeries, York, and Durham; together with frequent detours where crossroads beckoned. A book of by-ways and vagrant speculation, of humor that is linked to beauty, of fact with a pinch of fancy.

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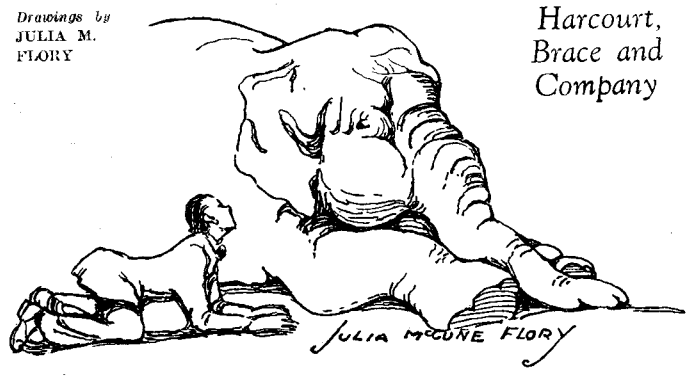
Drawings by JULIA M. FLORY



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Books of Special Interest

The League at Work

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: A CHAPTER IN WORLD POLITICS. By JOHN SPENCER BASSETT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

THIS valuable volume, the last of many from Professor Bassett's pen, is the fruit of many months spent at Geneva, where he read the records of the League's activities and talked with its friends and critics. It sets forth, lucidly and with many a characteristic genial touch, the evolution of the League and its efforts to prevent war. As such it is a very present help in evaluating the Kellogg Pact, which is a further step in this evolution, and we bespeak its perusal by every Senator and person of influence who wants to see the Pact ratified by the United States. For it is not to be forgotten that the Pact still has to run the windy gauntlet of the Senate, and it will remain a hollow disappointment unless it is followed by something more in the way of limitation of armaments than has been produced by the seven lean years of the past.

Many of the efforts since 1919 to strengthen the preservation of peace lie in the grave, slain by the fears or ambitions of this or that State—usually by one of the Great Powers. Thus, the Geneva Protocol, providing an ingenious formula for determining which disputant nation is an "aggressor," was slain by Sir Austen Chamberlain after Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's fall from office. Italy flouted the authority of the League in the Corfu Affair. France gave support to Polish strong-arm methods in connection with the Vilna, Dantzig, and Russian boundary conflicts. Nevertheless, surveying the seven years of League evolution, Professor Bassett rightly observes that it has made real progress in power and in the direction of the ideals of President Wilson and its founders.

Professor Bassett devotes a charmingly written chapter to the Locarno agreements and to what is perhaps more important, the "Locarno spirit," which he illumines by more warmth of color and anecdote than is common in analyses of international relations. He gives admirably cool and clear accounts of such tangled and passionate controversies as those relating to the Aaland Islands, Vilna and Memel, the Eupen and Upper Silesian plebiscites, Corfu, Iraq, and the administration of the Saar Valley and of Austrian finances. These are all dealt with as complete topics within themselves, but also in relation to their effect upon the evolution and power of the League. He describes the processes by which the small nations in the League have gradually acquired a relatively greater influence in comparison with the Great Powers. In his cautious interpretation of all these episodes and developments he never allows his clear vision of the forest to be dimmed by the innumerable and confusing trees of detail and prejudice which have too often obscured these subjects. Occasionally he throws light on the evolution of the League by analogies drawn from his wide knowledge of the American experiment in political coöperation and federal organization.

Though the volume is in no sense propaganda, we venture to think that many of those who read it will reject the idea that American non-adhesion to the League is a closed question. Professor Bassett indicates with sly humor some of the absurdities into which our Government has fallen by its dread of seeming to become in any way entangled with the League. Yet at the same time he shows convincingly how inevitably we are advancing little by little toward participation in its activities, especially its humanitarian and non-political activities. He takes pride and pleasure in the fact that the infant of 1919, though disowned by its American parent, is now growing to a healthy and active manhood, quite able to stand strongly on its own legs. May not the time come, when the League will be so strong, and the dangers and obligations of its members correspondingly so much less, that the United States, with the American propensity to climb on the band-wagon, may one day acknowledge its offspring? Professor Bassett does not say this. He is too good a historian to indulge in such prophecies. But it seems to be implied in his observation of seven years of League development.

Professor Bassett's book is so thoughtful, cautious, and wise, and withal so optimistic, that historians and friends of the League of Nations must mourn more than ever the tragic accident which cut short the activity so kindly a counsellor and friend and so farseeing an interpreter of American history and international relations.

A Sheaf of Verse

IMPOSSIBLE MELODIES. By CARESSE CROSBY. Paris: 2 Rue Cardinale. Editions Narcisse. 1928.

RIVETS. By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1928.

THE GOLDEN SNARE. By SYDNEY KING RUSSELL. New York: Harold Vinal. 1928. $1.50.

POEMS. By MILTON S. ROSE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $1.50.

CLOUDED RADIANCE. By LOUIS W. FLACCUS. New York: Harold Vinal. 1928. $2.

TWIST O' SMOKE. By MILDRED BOWERS. Yale University Press. 1928. $1.25.

THE SEA AND APRIL. By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND. New York: James T. White. 1928. $1.50.

THE CHAFF OF LIFE. By GEORGE OTIS SCHOONHOVEN. New York: Harold Vinal. 1928. $1.50.

THE HOUSE OF VANITY. By FRANK ANKEBRAND, JR., and ISAAC BENJAMIN. Philadelphia: The Liebman Press. 3610 Lancaster Ave. 1928. $2.

WHERE minor poetry is concerned about which there is really not very much to say, the group-method is inevitable. Mrs. Harry Crosby and her husband have produced a number of small, elegantly garmented volumes in Paris. They live on the rue de Lille and both indulge in verse. This present brochure of Mrs. Crosby's is chiefly pleasing for the charming drawing of the author by Angelès Ortiz, which serves as frontispiece. The most original poem in the book is the disjointed "Beauty and Bread," and we scarcely know what it means. Mrs. Crosby's technical gifts are slight; she has been enmeshed by modern experimentation without being able entirely to turn it to her own uses. When she is frankly traditional her utterance is weak. She deals chiefly in *nuance*. She is the dilletante and the narcissiste; representative of an eternal tendency that is essentially sterile. "Rivets," by Birdsall Otis Edey, is straightforward enough in expression, but the poet is unbearably trite. This is the product of cultivation without originality. John Moreland's "The Sea and April" is facile lyricism, for the most part trite; very occasionally his briefest, most simple stanzas have a certain poignance. Mildred Bower's "Twist O' Smoke", one of "The Yale Series of Younger Poets", has similar defects and merits, in brevity. But these singers give us but snippets from the plumes of the wings of song. "Clouded Radiance" is a trifle wilder in its free verse, but it has practically nothing new to say and nothing old to say with original definition. In Milton S. Rose's "Poems," we find well-mannered sonnets and other poems, and an occasional excrescence, as in "Anima Disputans" and "Ideals," that yet does not seem to justify its eccentricity. Sydney King Russell's "The Golden Snare" is rather better. Of his short-lined jigging rhymes, the one called "Fate" is the most striking. The sonnet, "Pretense," rather interests. But the general run of these poems slips easily off the mind. "The House of Vanity", by two different authors, is sponsored by Maxwell Bodenheim and by Countée Cullen. There is more originality of phrase here,—yet here again are snippets, fragments, and the image of "running laughter" is unconsciously inherited from Francis Thompson. As for "The Chaff of Life," these verses, chiefly humorous, were the unambitious recreation of one who must, to judge by Dr. Lawton's prefatory note, have been a fine, able scientist and a man of great spirit.

Why is poetry minor? Chiefly for lack of intensity, lack of hard grinding application in the cause of original expression. All of these poets are facile, but they do not rise above the second-rate conception or second-rate power of execution because they are far too easily satisfied. Quirky ideas or wistful emotionality will not suffice. The equipment must be markedly unusual both in ideas and vocabulary, and the use of this equipment exhaustingly intense, to achieve memorable work.

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Foreign Literature

A Political Idealist

WALTHER RATHENAU, SEIN LEBEN UND SEIN WERK. VON HARRY, GRAF KESSLER. Berlin: Verlagsanstalt Hermann Klemm. 1928.

Reviewed by J. T. HATFIELD

"I AM a German of Jewish descent. My people is the German people, my home is the German fatherland, my religious faith is the German faith—apart from particular creeds. There is a constant conflict between my urge toward practical matters and my inclination to the things of the soul. I am deeply involved in affairs, but not for their own sake: in the midst of them, I have had a vision of a new economic and social order"—with these words Rathenau introduced his appeal to the younger generation of Germany in the darkest days of the war.

At a celebration of this fiftieth birthday, he compared the divergent tendencies of his nature with the team of chariot-horses in Plato's "Phædrus," both of which had to be kept well in hand by the driver: "It's small wonder that a man is doomed to a hard lot who, on the one hand, was born to speculate on life and indulge in visions and aspirations, and, on the other, is driven by the very Devil himself to come to grips with the actual world, and to stir and knead about in practical affairs, with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows."

Apart from being one of the bravest and truest prophets of our time, Rathenau is a supreme example of the idealist in actual life. A year before his death, André Gide wrote to him, in a letter recently published in Paris: "Vous nous donnez le rare spectacle d'un 'spéculatif' aux prises avec la réalité." His single aim in Big Business (he succeeded his father as president of the colossal General Electric Company) was "to give spiritual significance to practical things." Enormous wealth proved no barrier to intimate and sympathetic interest in all sorts and conditions of men. While his social theories gained him the enmity of plutocrats, he combined daring theories of reconstruction with the sober judgment of a leading captain of industry. "A League of Nations has its place, but will remain futile unless there be created, first of all, an economic world-union"—a thesis like that propounded by our American professor, Thomas Chamberlin. During the Great War, he directed, with brilliant success, the control of Germany's raw materials; he was national Minister of Reconstruction in Wirth's cabinet; he headed the German delegation at the Conference of Cannes; from January 31, 1922, until his assassination, he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which capacity he attended the Conference of Genoa, and negotiated the Treaty of Rapallo.

In dealing with national questions, he had always a view directed toward the welfare of civilization as a whole. Gide touches on this in his letter to Rathenau, already quoted: "Ce qui doit nous importer en France, c'est que vous ne conceviez pas, aux dêpens du nôtre, le relèvement de votre pays; c'est que vous considériez au contraire le relèvement des deux pays comme solidaire et parallèle."

Count von Kessler's distinguished work surpasses the earlier life by Etta Federn-Kohlhaas in critical depth, in fulness, in brilliancy of style, and in its unprejudiced, keenly analytic discussion of Rathenau's many-sided activities in business, transcendental philosophy, art, religion, and statesmanship. Upon the fact of the diversity of his interests, there is built up a vivid, logically developing tragedy: his farsighted, world-embracing idealism exposed him to hostile misunderstanding, caused him to be regarded as half-hearted in guarding the interests of Germany, and led to his sacrifice at the hand of a hot-headed fanatic.

The beauty of the book, on the side of typography and binding, makes the average run of our better American products seem mean and casual by comparison: the fine, tough texture of its white paper, its sharp clarity of print, the perfect proportions of its paging, lead to the conviction that the Germans have reached a point beyond which art need no further go. It would be the part of academic pedantry to suggest a nearer approach to accuracy in the quotation of Greek texts: classical purists have arrived at complete resignation in such matters—the case is hopeless!

Dr. Yuzo Tsubouchi has just completed the first translation of all Shakespeare's plays into Japanese.

Literary Annals

HISTOIRE DE LA LITTÉRATURE ET DE LA PENSÉE FRANÇAISE CONTEMPORAINES. By DANIEL MORNET. Paris: Bibliothèque Larousse. 1928.

M. MORNET has kept the promise made in an earlier volume to continue and complete his survey of French literature. The contention of his preface that no existing study renders his superfluous is amply justified by his method. Starting from a thorough knowledge of traditional forms of art and of thought, he presents a clearer and more unbiased review of contemporary French letters than is to be found in any of his predecessors. His work combines a history and a philosophy of literature since 1870. His concluding words give his creed: "Under the swirling eddies of the surface, one feels the force of ancient and profound currents."

As a guide across the main, he takes the more significant trends of thought, grouping his authors and literary *genres* accordingly. The index registers some seven hundred names, but only about sixty outstanding representatives of literary movements are studied in detail. M. Mornet aims constantly at concision, and discusses rather ideas and ideals of art than individual works. Repertories, printed in smaller type, record, usually with brief comment, the contribution of fellow craftsmen, while constant cross references serve to obviate as far as possible arbitrary arrangement. With a few exceptions, living writers are noticed only in the repertories. The first part of the book deals with the evolution of doctrines and of taste: the prestige of science, resulting in literary naturalism, then the distrust of science which begat symbolism. Under the caption Society vs. the Individual, survivals and transformations of romanticism are noted. The following chapters discuss the quest of hidden worlds—the cult of the subconscious—and the gropings from apparent to transcendent reality. "True knowledge is then a sentiment of truth rather than a knowledge of truth and is, like every sentiment, partially untranslatable into the language of intelligence."

The second part of the volume, entitled Permanent Forms of Thought and of Art, traces descendants of humanism, of the artistic interpretation of life, of fantastic literature, and of the operation of critical reasons. All are rendered concrete by consideration of chosen authors who are studied in their relation to the national traditions. M. Mornet does not attempt definitive pronouncements—observation of such efforts has made him wary—but any choice implies judgment of relative values and he does not shirk his responsibility. We may differ with him in detail but we cannot deny that he has proved triumphantly the value of an intimate knowledge of the past in appraising and clarifying the present.

Foreign Notes

CARDINAL PIETRO LA FONTAINE has written an interesting life for popular use of the first Patriarch of Venice: "Il Primo Patriarca di Venezia, Via Popolare di San Lorenzo Giustiniani" (Libreria Emiliana Editrice, Venezia, 1928). Bishop Lorenzo Giustiniani, of the ancient patrician family of Venice, was chosen for this new office by Nicholas V. in 1451. A peacemaker in troublesome times, he was described by Eugenius IV. as "the ornament and glory of Bishops"; he was also known as "il buon odore di Cristo." His flock of the Lagunes adored him.

"La Vie Tragique de Marguerite d'Anjou," Reine d'Angleterre," by Jean Petithugenin, is one of those "biographies romancées," part history, part historical, and part entirely conjectural and invented dialogue. It tells the life story of the unhappy and vengeful queen.

In order to record the bravery of the Austro-Hungarian troops on all fronts, and to present a true account to the world of the former Empire's part in the World War, the Austrian Foreign Office has decided to issue an official history in five or six volumes, under the title of "Austria-Hungary's Last War." Army and other experts are at present at work on the first volume, which, it is hoped, will be ready by Christmas. But without public subscription the series cannot be continued, since there is no subsidy from the Government. If, however, the necessary support is forthcoming, the complete work will have been issued by 1934, at the rate of one yearly volume, of from six to eight hundred pages, including maps and sketches.

Book Note from Chapel Hill

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AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE, by *Howard Mumford Jones*, debunks some of the mythology surrounding Franco-American relations, and in the process builds a most authentic picture of the American scene from 1750-1848. Have you read it?

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SAMUEL BUTLER'S SATIRES AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE. Edited by *René Lamar*. Cambridge University Press.

HEART OF THE WOODS. By *Isabel Adams*. Century. $2.50.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A LEGAL HISTORIAN. By *William S. Holdsworth*. Yale University Press. $2.

BLAKE'S INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE. By *Joseph H. Wickstead*. Dutton. $8.

BOB DAVIS AGAIN. By *Robert H. Davis*. Appleton. $2.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND. By *Fred C. Kelly*. Henkle. $1.

THE NEW IMAGE. By *Claude Bragdon*. Knopf.

OUR COMPANIONATE GOLDFISH. By *Don Herold*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRYMAN. By *Walter A. Dyer*. Washburn. $3.

INNOCENT BYSTANDING. By *Frank Sullivan*. Liveright. $2.

YOUTH. By *Elizabeth Sloan Chasser*. Dutton. $1.

W. H. HUDSON, BIRD-MAN. By *Harold Goddard*. Dutton. $1.

MODERNS AND NEAR-MODERNS. By *William Chislett, Jr.* Grafton.

BY WAY OF ART. By *Paul Rosenfeld*. Coward-McCann.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK. By *Benjamin Franklin*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

PORTAGE, WISCONSIN AND OTHER ESSAYS. By *Zona Gale*.

LAMBS IN MARCH. By *Anne Bosworth Greene*. Century. $2.50.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE. By *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. Edited by *Paul Franklin Baum*. Harvard University Press. $3.

SCHEHERAZADE. By *John Carruthers*. Dutton, $1.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE. By *Joseph Collins, M. D.* Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by *Horace M. Kallen*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

LOVE. By *William Lyon Phelps*. Dutton. $1.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK. Compiled by *D. B. Wyndham Lewis* and *G. C. Heseltine*. Dutton. $2.50.

MORROW'S ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1929. Edited by *Burton Rascoe*. Morrow. $2.50.

THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER. By *Beverley Nichols*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL CULTURE. By *Maurice Parmelee*. Century. $4.

ELIZABETHAN VERSE AND PROSE. Edited by *George Reuben Potter*. Holt.

THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION. By *E. Haldemann-Julius*. Simon & Schuster. $3.

A THANKSGIVING RETROSPECT. By *Kate Douglas Wiggin*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

ROADS TO THE NORTH. By *Charles S. Brooks*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

SULLIVAN'S COMIC OPERAS. By *Thomas F. Dunhill*. Oxford University Press. $3.

Biography

THE LIFE OF JOHN W. WEEKS. By CHARLES G. WASHBURN. With an introduction by CALVIN COOLIDGE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

A man of hardheaded shrewdness, blunt courage, and entire probity, John W. Weeks made a success of business and politics without manifesting at any time the highest qualities in either field. The only really memorable part of his useful career was his service as Secretary of War in the years of reorganization under President Harding. In the task of reducing the army, dismissing a great part of the civilian personnel, retrenching expenses, and otherwise bringing the military establishment to a peace basis, he showed excellent administrative quality. It fell to him also to develop the policy of the War Department under the National Defense Act passed in the last year of President Wilson's Administration, a task which required careful attention to an immense mass of detail. He hoped to keep the army much larger than it actually became, and felt keenly the strokes by which Congress cut its strength to 12,000 officers and 125,000 men. But they had to be accepted, and his measures in reorganizing the National Guard and building up the Organized Reserve did a good deal to solve the difficult problem of combining defense with rigorous economy. It was under him that Muscle Shoals was completed, and his four years as Secretary were marked by a number of minor acts which testified his discretion and energy—improvements in army housing, increases in army pay, creation of the Inland Waterways Corporation, changes in the Panama Canal Administration, establishment of various new National Monuments, and so on.

Mr. Washburn's straightforward account of Mr. Weeks, in which are embodied a large number of "tributes" from Cabinet associates, army officers, and other public men, is of course eulogistic in tone. In some ways it glosses over the Tory qualities of the man. He opposed the League of Nations on grounds which, as here stated, were entirely inadequate; he had no patience with progressive features of government—the initiative, the referendum, the operations of the farm bloc, the direct primary. He advocated universal military training, and tried to enlist support for that most absurd of policies for a great peaceful and semi-isolated democracy. He favored universal conscription of manpower, labor, and wealth in time of war; his attitude toward the Philippines and Porto Rico was on the whole decidedly illiberal. Nevertheless, within the restrictions and controls furnished by Congress and the other members of the Harding Administration, Mr. Weeks was a competent if not brilliant Secretary of War, and served the country well. It is to his enduring credit that Secretary Hughes speaks with real warmth of his integrity, his unflinching frankness, and his courage in facing opposition of all kinds, and that President Coolidge, in his notably well-written introduction, declares that "the knowledge that America produces men of his eminent qualities and sturdy character will always be a source of hope and confidence."

IRA ALLEN, FOUNDER OF VERMONT. By JAMES BENJAMIN WILBUR. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. 2 vols. $12.50.

Ira Allen, youngest brother of the famous Ethan was a stateman, diplomat, realtor, soldier, and big business man. Chiefly through his herculean labors over many years, Vermont fought off the New Yorkers and the people of New Hampshire, and so from 1777 to 1791, when it surrendered its independence to enter the Federal Union as fourteenth state, continued to exist as a free and sovereign Republic. Ira Allen was its moving spirit; his success (by pure diplomacy) in keeping the British from invading the colonies through Vermont and his responsibility for the battle of Bennington make him loom as a national figure. And yet from his own people as well as from England, France, and the United States he suffered ruin and died in Philadelphia in 1814 to be buried in a pauper's grave.

Although much evidence to the fact had existed, no one until James Wilbur came to Vermont had proved Ira Allen the real founder of the state. But for Mr. Wilbur, who gave the University of Vermont the beautiful Ira Allen chapel and a statue of Allen inscribing him as founder of the state and the University, it is doubtful if Ira Allen would ever have been put into his proper niche in the hall of fame. With the publication of these two volumes, Mr. Wilbur has demonstrated Ira Allen's place in state and national history. The books are so heavily documented with letters and official papers which Mr. Wilbur spent eight years ferretting out that one has to confess them slow and often laborious reading. But they make no pretence to be anything but a depository of source material relating to Vermont and its part in history from its founding until Allen's death in 1814. After a flood of fictionized biographies and psychological histories, it is a relief to read an old fashioned history like this.

THE LIFE OF RACHEL MCMILLAN. By *Margaret McMillan*. Morrow. $2.50.

SHANTY IRISH. By *Jim Tully*. Boni. $2.50.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ART CAREER. By *Joseph Cummings Chase*. Sears. $3.50.

MARY ANNE DISRAELI. By *James Sykes*. Appleton. $2.50.

ON MY WAY. By *Art Young*. Liveright. $4.

WASHINGTON IRVING: LETTERS FROM SUNNYSIDE AND SPAIN. Edited by *Stanley T. Williams*. Yale University Press. $2.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE LIFE. By *Basil Tozer*. Stratford. $2.50.

TWELVE PORTRAITS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *Henri Béraud*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

THE ENCHANTRESS. By *Helen W. Henderson*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Brentanos. 2 vols. $8.50.

PETER MENIKOFF. By *Peter D. Yankoff*. Cokesbury. $2.

GEORGE W. CABLE. By *Lucy Leffingwell Cable Bikle*. Scribners. $3.50.

BENJAMIN H. HILL. By *Haywood J. Pearce, Jr.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Fiction

THE GRANDSON. By HILDUR DIXELIUS. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

Whether or not you can interest yourself in a tale of rural Sweden, you can enjoy "The Grandson" for one element: style. Whatever your reaction to the writing of Hildur Dixelius, you will find it pleasantly antidotal to the "gush school" of American prose. The narrative moves in a straightforward fashion, unencumbered by mechanical artifice, and aided by a simple and powerful diction. It bears resemblance to the old Scandinavian sagas.

Miss Dixelius allows herself few adjectives, and attempts no doubtful analyses of the emotions of her characters, but presents instead a clear statement of overt action, from which the reader may deduce the inner minds of the characters according to his own school of psychology. What straight exposition is offered to the reader is in the form of letters and diaries, and not a piece of the author's omniscience.

"The Grandson" is the story, principally, of Per Olof, pastor of a country parish. But it is also a clear picture of the environment in which it is set—of the Swedish peasants and the quaint superstitions which rule their lives.

The book will find many readers because of its stark intensity, and its obvious honesty. It is the last section of a trilogy, having been preceded by "The Minister's Daughter" and "The Son." The three stories complete the life of Sara Alelia, grandmother of Per Olof.

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY. By NELL MARTIN. Henkle. 1928. $2.50.

A novel distinctly in the second class by the author of a story of a stenographer, "The Constant Simp," and a detective story which met with some encomia, "The Mosaic Earring," "Lord Byron of Broadway" is the story of a philanderer, ending in a gush of sentiment. But, more important, it is the story of a popular song-writer seen intimately, and here Miss Martin is sure of her atmosphere and of her characterization and dialogue. She shows us the man in his proper surroundings quite vividly and gives us a picture of the chorus girl who ensnares him that rings true. Roi Erskine's interlude with Gorgeous Mary is undoubt-

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edly the best part of the book. Their amour is sordid and hard-boiled but it convinces. Miss Martin has had her own experience in popular song writing as is witnessed by the end-papers of the book, which display the sentimental song, "Little Lost Lady," that furnishes the novel's climax. The melody here is by Harry Mills, the "lyrics" by Nell Martin. The plot of this novel is stereotyped, but for some of the "local color" we may be grateful in the documenting of our own day.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER WILKINS. By ROBERT PALTOCK. Dutton. 1928. $7.

This is a sumptuous new edition of an old classic once admired by Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Southey. The forty drawings in color and line by Edward Bawden are a unique interpretation of this fantastic romance and yet beautifully in keeping with its spirit. Peter Wilkins among the flying women is an imaginative conception that almost ranks with Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." It seems like the far forerunner of one of the novels of the earlier H. G. Wells. The Cornishman's Youwarkee, whom he marries, is as fascinating and strange a lady as ever occurred to the mind of a novelist. The whole story of her kind of created beings, their outlandish speech, their customs, and so on, constitute an achievement in pure imagination. It is delightful to have this landmark in the literature of the fantastic revived for us in such a fine example of modern bookmaking.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. New York: Dodd, Mead Co. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Stephen McKenna, like so many other English fiction writers, has discovered the existence of the American public. The hero of his new novel, "Divided Allegiance," is a young American, for no perceptible reason, except that the book is evidently intended for the American as well as the English market. The story is the old story of the decay of an aristocracy which finds itself "buried alive" in modern conditions. It might perhaps have been interesting to describe the decline of an ancient house as seen through the eyes of a one hundred per cent American, although it is unlikely that an English novelist could have done this. Mr. McKenna gets out of the difficulty by transporting his hero to England at the tender age of thirteen. Arthur Weston, the son of a New York steel magnate, receives an English education, forgets America, and is brought up on English traditions. Then why make him an American? The motive is evidently not artistic but commercial, and one is justified in laying stress on this point because it reveals Mr. McKenna's real status as a novelist.

In a preface (written for some reason in the excruciating style of Michael Arlen) he claims to be something more than a purveyor of commercial fiction. He claims that his "drama" was made inevitable by the struggle which the "unburied dead" opposed to a changing economic order. Mr. McKenna, we are led to expect, is a cut above the purely commercial: he is, he would have us think, an interpreter of social conditions. He is not.

His characters are far from being "buried alive." Buried they may be, but they are all as dead as door-nails from the start. There are an incredible old English peer and an equally incredible *nouveau riche* of Liverpuddlian origin. The plot of the "drama" is conventional. There are two leading-ladies, one a go-getter who excels in hawking titles and who cheats at cards; the other a half demented creature who suffers from paralysis of the will and gets into a fantastic marital muddle. Poor Arthur Weston wanders through it all with a slightly injured air, due perhaps to the fact that he was not allowed to discover until he had grown up that he was the son of a multi-millionaire, and it is hardly surprising that he ends up on a desert island.

THE SINCLAIRS OF OLD FORT DES MOINES. By JOHNSON BRIGHAM. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. 1928. $2.

Adam Sinclair was one of the pioneer settlers of Des Moines, Ia., bringing with him in 1843 a family which included two marriageable daughters. He took up a farm near the fort which Capt. James Allen of the United States Dragoons established that year to protect the frontier against Sioux incursions, and was soon prospering. A good house was built, crops were raised, and after 1845, when part of the old Indian reservation was thrown open to settlement, neighbors were numerous. The two pretty daughters became belles of the region, one finding her sweetheart in a boatman, the other in a lieutenant.

This is the framework on which Mr. Brigham has erected a simple, but carefully studied narrative of frontier life. His book, half history and half fiction, is an attempt at what he calls a "human document, more personal and therefore more vivid than official reports and chronicles and isolated fragments of incidents." In its unpretentious way, it succeeds very well indeed. He describes with expert knowledge and with feeling the life at the fort, the contacts with Chief Keokuk and other Indians, the "hops" and other amusements, and the coming of the first schools. The idyllic early years of Des Moines are succeeded by the tense times of the Mexican War, and Mary Sinclair's soldier fiancé marches away to the Southwest with Kearny's army. We have glimpses, interesting and accurate, of campaigning in New Mexico and California; but eventually the lieutenant returns, and the book closes with a happy reunion. The simple and appealing tale, devoid of literary varnishing, should be prized by those interested in frontier life in Iowa.

APRON STRINGS. By MAY FREUD DICKENSON. Macaulay. 1928. $2.

As a defense of the American husband—and "Apron Strings" so proclaims itself on the cover—May Freud Dickenson's narrative has rather over-stacked the cards. The world seems fairly well agreed that the *homo Americanus* is a poor hag-ridden creature, but the usual basis of his condemnation is that he glories in his shame. Joe Knapp, Miss Dickenson's hero, is only half-typical: his is, for the most part, an involuntary uxoriousness. His circumstances rather than his senses bind him to the wheel. But as the particular story of a particular group "Apron Strings" fares better. It is a steady-going novel of unfortunate people, and if it rarely escapes the commonplace it never sinks below it.

Joe's servitude begins when he is fifteen. He assumes responsibility then for his widowed mother and his sisters. The poverty which he can barely keep from the door prevents him from following any of his own desires. Later when he can and does marry he merely assumes a heavier burden. Never is there any compensation for his sacrifices. The women are all unpleasant, nagging, selfish, and unsympathetic. Naturally the understanding one will at last be found outside the ties of blood and law. That she is found after Joe's wife has left him seems auspicious for a little happiness for him, but fate, or, one suspects, the author, has other plans. The wife is permanently crippled by an accident, Joe foregoes a divorce, takes up his old burden, and refuses the offer of the extra-marital love of the understanding one. And, on the whole, Joe arouses in the reader more irritation than sympathy. He is always too strong at the wrong times and too weak at the right ones.

LESS THAN KIND. By SAMUEL ROGERS. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1928. $2.50.

Here is a novel which throws a new light on that eternal *cliché*, the ever recurring triangle. The three sides are here represented by sister, brother, and sister's husband—a decidedly original grouping.

Vincent Raymer, English instructor in a Mid-Western university, is the victim of introspective doubts, self-depreciation. Of a helpless, dependent nature, he relies wholly upon the protective influence of his sister, losing himself in her. Suzanne, preserving her own entity quite capably, marries and prefers to spend her time with her husband rather than with her brother (incomprehensible to Vincent's mind!) This, coupled with a defiant gesture of infidelity on the part of Suzanne's husband, upsets the even tenure of Vincent's life and leads inevitably to a poignant, tragic conclusion.

The title of the book comes from one of Hamlet's soliloquies. Raymer is out of the same mold that produced the brooding Dane—somewhat frayed through centuries of recasting, it is true. The novel has considerable merit. Vincent Raymer is portrayed skilfully, with sympathy and deep understanding. The reader with a jaded appetite will enjoy the strange savor of this book.

ABBE PIERRE'S PEOPLE. By *Jay William Hudson*. Appleton. $2.50.

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SHORTER NOVELS OF HERMAN MELVILLE. Liveright. $3.50.

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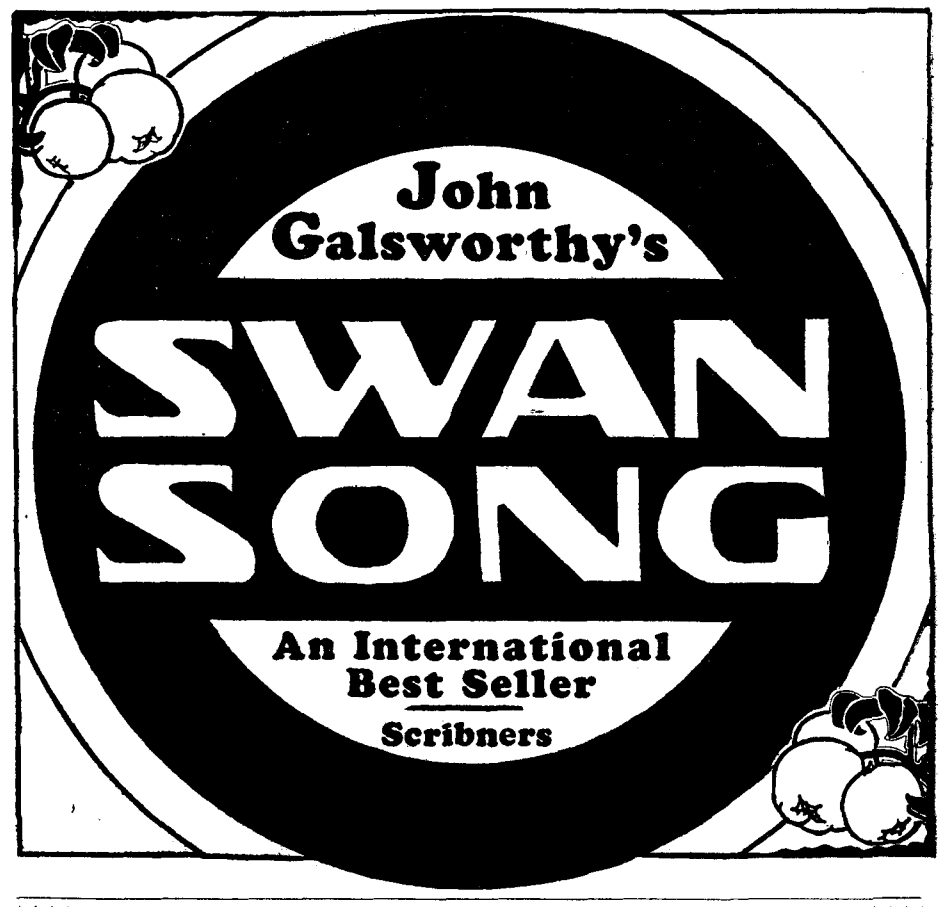
(*Continued on page* 331)



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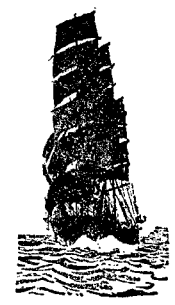

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Points of View

Poets and the Machine

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

"Poems of the Machine Age" by MacKnight Black in your number of September 8 seemed the most satisfying poems on a modern subject this reader has lately seen. They were perhaps only indications of what may come later from the same writer but, if one may judge from personal enjoyment, they were not shaped for an occasion but resulted from emotion unhindered by popular amazement. This is a step in unconscious sophistication and familiarity with new material which must be achieved before we can expect to have any really interpretative verse of an advanced industrial age. Mr. Black's poems deal with subjects ordinarily considered outside the realm of poetry and not yet in the realm of the vernacular. That they attain to beauty rather than to novelty is reassuring.

It is interesting to note that in describing a power-house, a Corliss engine, and reciprocating engines and the mood they produce in the beholder, nearly all the associations in the poet's mind are with natural objects—sky, flowers, sun, eagles, stars, white pear-blossoms in April. These are things with which a poet has kinship and in terms of their ancient language he still describes the most modern facts of steel, power, and electricity. The source of his imagery and to a great extent of his emotion still resides in the only reliable store he possesses, that of individual and racial experience. We have lived with the sun and stars for ages, but the monsters of man's mechanical genius are still too new to us to exist in images in their own terms. At least not yet to the point of becoming abundant in the pages of poetry.

For the most part the phenomena of industry and science remain on the horizon of the poet's consciousness. He is fully aware of them but has not yet possessed them completely enough to give them forth again in his own language, a language which must be divorced from technical associations but distilled with a new magic. This is a process which must be slow if it is to convey a mature emotion in a distinguished manner. Hence the impatience in certain quarters with poets who are tardy in their response to the wonders of an industrial-scientific civilization seems to be lacking in understanding of the creative mind itself. It is the reporter but not the poet who concludes and signs his impressions from the top of a sight-seeing bus. What if it takes a whole generation to produce poets capable of absorbing the marvels of the machine age to the point of emotional and esthetic saturation? What if the poets do continue to find some fascination in life and love this side the factory and laboratory doors? After all, there is something as pleasant as a new invention in the fact that in a world of development and vast enterprise the seasons manufacture sun and snow with the undisturbed certainty of a perfect engine, and unsupplied by current or gasoline.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

Altadena, California.

A Challenge

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The October 20 issue of your magazine contains a review of "Rising Wind," the author of which is Virginia Moore. The last paragraph puts forth the sweeping observation that the book is full of "amusing errors in printing." Your unknown reviewer then proceeds to name a particularly humorous one, viz., "as when Mrs. Carver is described as wearing about her throat 'a fissure of Valenciennes lace.'"

If your reviewer is under the impression that proofreaders deliberately create such humorous substitutions he or she has never been in the position of having and keeping a job.

It happens that I am the reader who was the cause of this unwarranted hilarity on the part of your brilliant critic. Granting that the word should have read *fichu* and not *fissure*, why should the proofreader be charged entirely with the crime, if it be regarded as such. Shouldn't Miss Moore come in for a little chastisement? Fissure it was—in her manuscript.

Honestly, now, when authors, and women authors in particular, can't describe women's apparel accurately, should proofreaders be excoriated for not being experts in that direction?

In closing, I challenge this "unknown" to a debate on literature or to an engagement in a spelling match (old-fashioned or modern) to be "refereed" by Dr. Vizitelly, one of the rules of such a contest to be that the meaning of the words spelled shall also be interpreted by the contestants. Furthermore, I can promise this same "unknown" a hundred percent better written book-review, by confining it to the material at hand, and not indulge in petty quibblings that characterize minor critics' reviews.

BOB ROLLINS.

Elmhurst, L. I.

"Home Life in History"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

To the review of the interesting book "Home Life in History," by John Gloag and C. Thompson Walker, recently published in *The Saturday Review*, may I add a few words of appreciation for this very delightful rendering of the pleasant narration of twenty-four centuries of living in England?

To put between the covers of one book a coherent epitome of living, with suggestive facts and illustrative material that really informs, is a task well worth the doing, and when the style of the book carries one on from page to page with continued interest, the authors are to be praised and certainly the book justified.

Beginning in the distant past when Britain was a Roman Colony, describing definitely what the manner of living was, including the housing, heating, and food, as well as the manners and customs, with citations of authorities on which the descriptions are based, is a valuable contribution to a little known period. It is worthy of careful study.

Then follows the period of Saxon holding, their ways of living and how they fared in their daily life and what manner of living they had. Here again are most important facts definitely stated and the whole humanized and clarified by the outline presented.

Of the eighth century in England we knew little; through this book any reader has added to his stock of information and has had a very pleasant time in increasing his store of facts, again well authenticated. The description of furniture and furnishings is well handled and the feasts and ceremonies clearly described, with here and there a glint of humor that evokes a smile—a cheerful smile. The section reads like romance; still it is a factual presentation of the episodes of that period hitherto unobtainable.

The coming of the Danes was a tragedy to the Saxons and the wedding of their manners and meals, religion and customs, is an interesting narrative based on careful research. It is good to know about all this.

Of the Norman Conquest in the twelfth century there is good reading, the stories of the occupation of England and the forced adjustment not only to new ways but to a new tongue, makes an epoch of intense interest, and this also creates deep interest in the record of events. It was not a peaceful occupation by treaty rights but by forceful occupation and stern reminders of conquest. Again the people of England were required to adjust themselves to the new order; no matter how they detested the Norman, he had come to stay. The story of the adaptation of the people to a new format of life, with strange language, strange food, and strange people, is vital.

Feudal life is well defined, with careful outline of details carrying a flavor of color in the home, with the ways of hospitality and the forms of living, the observance of religion and the methods of marriage, with an interesting account of foods.

There is a running and vigorous story of the Black Death and the causes which led up to it, which is concrete and worthy of inclusion, for it is enlightening and definite.

The better known fourteenth century is well treated, and the dissolution of the monasteries and nunneries is fairly set down. The Elizabethan period with its richness of color and the development of literature and drama is most comprehensive.

In fact, "The History of Home Life" furnishes a survey in a single book, that the reading of a dozen books could not provide. True, it is boiled down to a few pages, but each section is definite in fact and clear in portrayal. The authors did an enormous amount of research to gather their facts, and those who care for the study of the beginnings of our present mode of living are to be congratulated in being furnished with so concise a study. It is a good stout book of three hundred pages with notes that are valuable. The illustrations of homes and appliances embellish the book.

CLAUDIA Q. MURPHY

New York City.

Prophets in Their Own Country

No. 1—RICARDA HUCH

Ricarda Huch is Germany's greatest woman novelist. Ludwig Lewisohn in a detailed analysis of her work says: "Ricarda Huch has a prose style of virile firmness and of the highest intellectual distinction. . . . That style of hers is almost lapidary in its severity. It is so highly wrought and so finely tempered that it need not avoid the homeliest details, if it needs them, but raises them into its atmosphere of frugal beauty." *Defeat*, Ricarda Huch's great novel of Garibaldi, has just been published. It is a BORZOI BOOK and may be obtained at all bookshops, price $3.00.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

G. B. W., Hartford, Conn., asks for some books on middle age or maturity. "While I am interested in technical psychological works more or less corresponding to various well known volumes on Adolescence and on Senescence, I can find these listed in the Psychological Index. But there must be many other books on this subject which, while not technical, are interesting and valuable. I would be glad if you would help me to form a bibliography on this topic, in which, as the years go by, I am becoming increasingly interested."

GLENWAY WESCOTT says in "Goodbye Wisconsin" that the Middle West is a state of mind of people born where they do not like to live. How far this covers the population I have no means of knowing; one has but to come back to the States on a slow steamer and listen to the talk of returning tourists from Topeka and points West, to discover that in their comparisons Paris, London, and New York do not always come out ahead. It must be, however, the state of mind in which much of its realistic fiction is produced. Its novelists have in Sauk Center no continuing city, nor even, it would seem, in Chicago itself. When Mr. Wescott revisits Milwaukee he wears a *beret*, apparently that Wisconsin may be advised that his heart is not here when his head is—though as the *beret* has already taken the place of the label-plastered suitcase as proof that a young man has made his first trip abroad, it is clear that some other gesture of distinction must soon be devised. Naturally the Middle West is attractive to a writer in this frame of mind only when seen over the shoulder, when, like any landscape we have left behind, its outlines may take on the soft shades of desirability.

Middle life in fiction is something like the Middle West in this respect; it looks better to most people the nearer they get to its western exit. If I steadfastly refuse to set a date on either this doorway or that of the year through which one goes into the period, it is for reasons readily to be inferred from a glance through the B's in "Who's Who." Dates change their looks anyway, depending on the direction in which you look at them; in Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (Knopf) there is a lady who risks all sorts of loss rather than admit to fifty-three when she prefers to have been forty-two on her last birthday. "*Ah, mon père,*" she weeps, "*je voudrais mieux être jeune et mendiante, que n'être que vieille et riche.*" Such captiousness could not be understood by any really young person; having owned to forty-two, what on earth could matter after that? You can guess how old Dickens was when he wrote "Pickwick" by the advanced decay of old Mrs. Wardell; a middle-aged person of to-day gets a bad jolt when he figures out the actual number of her years. When we were very young there was no middle-age; people were young and they were old, and senility set in at an age that would scare you. Susan Ertz, who is young and pretty, manages to get the distinctive savor of middle-aged romantic happiness in "Afternoon" (Appleton), but she had already practised throwing her mind ahead a few decades, her most popular heroine being Madame Claire. Inez Haynes Irwin's Phoebe and Ernest stories concluded with one in which the parents of these active adolescents were shown enjoying their dividend years, their children now married and settled, and there was a play on Broadway, whose name I cannot recall though French undoubtedly publishes it, in which the happiness of a middle-aged American honeymoon is made complete by the slipping off by both parties of the juvenile discomforts each had used to win the other. Bess Streeter Aldrich specializes in pleasant prairie mothers of middle-age, like the one in "The Cutters" or "Mother Mason" (Appleton), and "Jen Culliton," by N. G. White (Appleton), is a reassuring study of a farm-woman whose life is broken at an age when most women are getting ready to call it a day, but who starts over again and builds what proves to be another lifetime of usefulness. But the classic of recuperation is W. B. Maxwell's "Mrs. Thompson" (it is published, republished, and is now out of print) which I used to lend to women suffering from Karen Michaelis's "Dangerous Age," which came out in the same year. This hysteric, pseudo-medical novel continued to exert a sort of underground influence for years, mainly from its title, until Rose Macaulay blew it sky-high with "Dangerous Ages" (Liveright). In this the only one of the four heroines, twenty-forty-sixty-eighty, who is not dangerous to herself or the community in some way, is the one who has reached the anchorage of the latest date. It is a sound, ironic book; like Miss Macaulay's "Told by an Idiot" (Liveright), it has the tolerant good-humor of middle life, generally mistaken for an improvement of the temper, but more often the result of discovering how few things there are that are still worth making a fuss about.

According to Mr. Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" (Knopf), which was in its day supposed to be an important document of middle age, there is a specified year in which man's foot itches to be free. I do not see what wives are to do about it, unless as brides used to be advised in the 'nineties in Germany, they begin at once to fatten their husbands so that by forty-six they cannot run. The Arnold Bennett man seems not to wish to run; as in "Clayhanger" and "The Roll Call" he prefers to stop around and enjoy the matrimonial tug-of-war that, like the fleas on David Harum's dog, keep him from brooding on being a dog. See the solid citizens of middle life in social England under the Forsytes! How much more they manage to get out of living, for all their Edwardian livers, than young cormorants like Fleur! English writers, especially the more established in popularity, are more kind to the forties than we are apt to be; even Hugh Walpole's "Maradick at Forty" (Doubleday, Doran) does not get its terrors from the birthday. Somerset Maugham's man in "The Moon and Sixpence" (Doubleday, Doran) did make a typical middle-aged breakaway, but then he was taking the trail of Gauguin. "Babbitt" had made forty-six revolutions on the carrousel of his life before he began to clutch at his birthdays as at gold rings that turned out—even when he caught them—to be a tawdry brass. In Howells's day they did not clutch: in "Indian Summer" and in "April Hopes" there are discreet contrasts not only of Spring blossoms with shorn fields, but of green apples with the sweeter fruit of ripe September.

I have already sheered off from dates, nor do I find in these novels any signs of uniformity in the process of becoming middle-aged or more so. But there is one phenomenon that does distinguish it for many men and women, especially such as live consciously, richly, and with a relish. This is the discovery which may be made gradually or by tripping over it in the road, that, as Yeats says, somewhere about his fiftieth year, with an all but unbelieving surprise,

But who could have foretold
That the heart would grow old?

There is that note in some of Sara Teasdale's most beautiful later verse. A novel that sounds this note may have, I think, a chance of distinction if it is the work of a writer like—well, say like Willa Cather, for she has already sounded it more clearly and in a more golden tone than in any other novel of middle-age that I have read. This is "The Professor's House," in whose later chapters Professor St. Peter takes account of years. The all but suicide that saved his life comes in the trough of the wave, and gives him just the energy not to go under, but rise with the flood. I have heard it said that the German nation might have long since committed suicide had it not been for its habit of taking a good strong cup of coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon. The English use tea to get the vitality past this point of low ebb, and I have heard that in days less pure than ours this used to be called the cocktail hour in America. Life, as it approaches its four P.M., would be all the better for a shove to get it past the down curve onto the upward slope, and a novel that would without preaching show men and women that there really is an up-curve coming, and a long evening ahead, would have its uses. For as one may learn with some surprise from Verhaeren, whose "Afternoon" has been admirably translated into English verse (Dodd, Mead), this time of day really has charms worth waiting for.

(*Continued on next page*)

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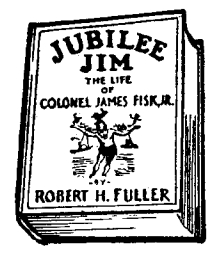
The BOOKSELECTION is for busy people who like to read, but haven't time to "keep up" with book news. But there's no obligation about it—you sign no dotted lines!

The BookSelection for November



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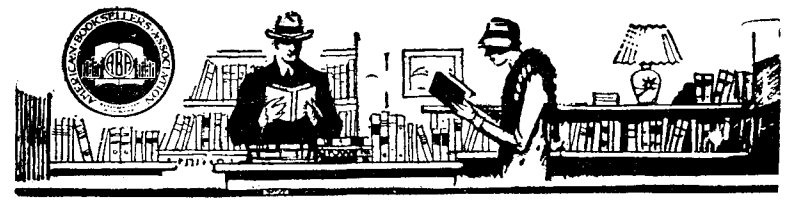
"JUBILEE JIM," the amazing story of Jim Fisk, Jr., who cavorted through a hectic career in the nineties, is the BOOKSELECTION for November. Drop in to see it and other new Fall books, at any American Booksellers Association store or department.



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Prophets in Their Own Country

No. 3—STEFAN ZEROMSKI

Stefan Zeromski, who died in 1925, was regarded by the Poles as their greatest writer. To them he was a leader, prophet and a patriot. His youth was spent in the shadow of gallows, of prisons, with exile to Siberia ever near. And these things are felt in his work. Joseph Conrad called him "The greatest master of Polish Literature." ASHES, a stirring tale of sacrifice, romance, and adventure against the background of Napoleon's wars of conquest, is his masterpiece. It is published by Alfred A. Knopf in two volumes, boxed, price $6.00.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

H. C., Paris, France, asks for books about the sun, scientific, theological, or general.

CHARLES G. ABBOT, director of the Smithsonian Observatory, has just published a revised edition of his long-popular work "The Sun" (Appleton), which tells in language a layman can grasp, all we know of the sun and its relation to other bodies. Mary Proctor's "Romance of the Sun" (Harper) is a popular presentation of what the general reader would like to know about the sun prepared from an astronomical standpoint, and of the myths that have gathered about it for all ages. "Sun Lore of All Ages," by W. T. Olcott (Putnam), is an earlier book of such myths. A "Story of the Sun," by R. S. Ball, was published by Cassell, but I have not seen it. The monumental work on the "Rock Towers of El Amarna," by N. de G. Davis (Oxford University Press), is valuable to the serious student of sunworship.

The sun's influence is considered in H. H. Clayton's standard work on "World Weather" (Macmillan) and in Huntington's "Earth and Sun" (Yale University Press) there is a hypothesis of sun-spots. "The Center of the Universe," by Carl Eikemeyer, was published by Little & Ives in 1924, and "A Treatise on the Sun's Radiation," by F. H. Bigelow, by Wiley. There are of course the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, and "Forms and Motions of the Solar Prominences," by E. Pettit, is published by the University of North Carolina.

M. H., Los Angeles, Cal., tells B. M. C., Yonkers, who asked for books to give a nine-year-old boy a bird's-eye view of American history, that "The Gateway to American History," by Randolph G. Adams (Little, Brown) has fascinating reproductions of early maps and pictures taken from rare books in the William L. Clements Library. "The explanatory text is well-written, but the pictures alone may turn the boy's fancy to bibliography," she says, and I may add that these pictures are in themselves most attractive to children, far more so than many older people would think. *M. H.*, in sending yet another recommendation for Wayne Gard's "Book Reviewing" (Knopf), says: "Our chief dependence in library school for years has been the delectable study by E. L. Pearson which appeared in the *Bulletin* of the New York Public Library in 1916. A somewhat caustic criticism of recent reviews appeared in *The Library*, published by the Newark Public Library in June, 1928."

F. P., Palo Alto, California, asks who issued a list called "Books for the Home," mentioned by this department in 1926. I find my own copy has been mislaid in moving, but Mr. Lydenberg of the New York Public Library says that this list was in the Bulletin of the St. Louis Library for July 1924 (vol. 22, no. 7) and that it has not been elsewhere reprinted. It was an excellent selection, I well remember that, made by Margery Doud and Ruth Overman. *A. L. H. University of Virginia,* says if it is not too late to add to the literature of profanity, he offers "A Cursory View of Swearing," by John Macy, in the *Bookman* for August, 1923 (the American one, not the London).

Whither Mankind

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A BUSTED BIBLIOPHILE AND HIS BOOKS: Being a Most Delectable History of A. Edward Newton. By GEORGE H. SARGENT. Boston: Little, Brown. 1928.

THIS essay, reprinted from Mr. Sargent's weekly page in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, with excellent illustrations, is so purely a matter of personal love and admiration that any criticism seems ungracious. The information about Mr. Newton himself is of the nervous, jumpy kind, passing with so much speed, and so little connection, from the Cutter Electrical and Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia—Mr. Newton is Chairman of that company's Board—to Mr. Morley's "He is as real as Pickwick," that the reader seldom knows whether he is investigating the history of the cigar-store Indian on the Daylesford front lawn, or following the brilliantly successful literary career of its owner. It is all eulogy, simple and unashamed, in the customary newspaper manner, thus giving Mr. Newton's "Proem," "I read this paper to my cigar-store Indian, the only person in the family I could get to listen to it, and we blushed together," all the authenticity of a modest gentleman's protest. Mr. Sargent has included a check-list of Mr. Newton's separate works, his various Christmas souvenirs, and introductions to books, uncollected contributions to periodicals, and Newtonia, which is, of course, a valuable addition. The volume is not for sale.

It is a great pity Mr. Sargent should have included the following statements, unfortunately so capable of doing harm: "One question he will answer you offhand, and it is a question most likely to be asked by the one who is not a book collector. 'Are books a good investment?' He will answer you promptly, 'Yes,' and give his reason for his belief, which is founded upon an economic principle as old as the world, that when the demand is greater than the supply the price of a commodity will go up." Economically it may all be true enough, but what of it? Book collecting turned into good investments for its justification is no better than Auction played hysterically for money, or golf made a life-and-death matter of strokes and scores; it is merely another manifestation of the American craze for business in everything. If there is one class of book-collectors who ought never in any manner to receive the slightest encouragement, it is exactly that especial group who, with vague ideas of literature and no knowledge of bibliography, go out in pursuit of rare books because they have "heard" that a Gutenberg Bible has sold at auction for thousands of dollars. Cannot such persons be disposed of at the nearest stock-broker's, in order that books may be left to the few people who, quite romantically, love them for what they are? If all life is to be transformed into so many "good investments" with stocks, bonds, and nicely illustrated prospectuses printed on thick paper, so that it may be made acceptable to standardized business men, the genuine collectors might better give up in despair—one must buy, apparently, with both eyes firmly fixed on the auction-room of twenty years hence. It can only be hoped that Mr. Newton's views will not be taken by the general public as an indiscriminate encouragement to commence immediately the purchase of rare books on a stock-return basis.

G. M. T.

THE Maggs catalogue number 511—English Literature of the 19th and 20th centuries—contains, as one might suppose, an unusually large collection of books belonging to the period. The more interesting of these are: Matthew Arnold's "Alaric at Rome," 1840, at £105, together with two presentation copies, one the "On Translating Homer," 1861, inscribed to his mother; an uncut copy, rebacked, of Jane Austen's "Emma" at £165; Max Beerbohm's "The Happy Hypocrite," with a long inscription to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walkley, at ten guineas; a great many of George Borrow's books, including several original manuscripts of his poems, and the autograph manuscript of his translation of St. Luke's Gospel into the dialect of the Gitanos of Spain (£105); Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," 1872, a comparatively rare item, £15.15; a presentation copy of the first appearance in French of "Alice" with an original poem of four verses to "Matilda Jane" inserted, £160; four plays by Wilkie Collins; a presentation copy to Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin of the New York issue of Joseph Conrad's "Victory," 1915, £50; a large collection of the limited, privately printed Thomas Hardy items; "Tom Brown's School Days," Cambridge, 1857, rebound, £31.10; Charles Lamb's "Beauty and the Beast," 1811, £250, and "The King and Queen of Hearts," 1805, the first of his books for children, £350; a number of presentation copies from William Morris; the original manuscript of Alfred Sutro's play, "The Walls of Jericho," £42; unrecorded trial editions of Tennyson's "Holy Grail and Other Poems," 1869, with a few corrections in the author's hand, £85, and "The Idylls of the King," £95; and the privately printed issue of Wordsworth's "Grace Darling," 1843, £12.12.

To most collectors, the prices asked in Pearson's catalogue, "Armorial Bindings, Books, Autograph Letters and Manuscripts notable for their exceptional Rarity and Importance," will be prohibitive, but since it does no harm to read descriptions of letters written by Diane de Poitiers and the Duke of Wellington; or to discover Edmund Waller's copy of Milton's "Poems," 1673, with a note in his autograph saying that he paid two shillings sixpence for it, now priced at £250, this catalogue can be recommended as interesting and instructive.

The Elkin Mathews catalogue number 20, on the other hand, while it is not sensational in any way, except for the extraordinary number of pages devoted to the Sitwell family, represents a collection of books far above the average in general interest, most intelligently described, and reasonably inexpensive. These catalogues are mercifully free from the usual book-dealers' phraseology and over-emphasis, which makes it possible to read them without being forced to believe that each item is the final "choice" copy in existence.

G. M. T.

NO recent publication has been of more genuine interest and importance to collectors of contemporary authors than Mr. H. S. Boutell's "First Editions of To-day, and How to Tell Them" (London, Elkin Mathews; New York, R. R. Bowker). As the wrapper remarks, the book "consists of statements *by the various publishers themselves* as to the signs (or absence of them) by which their respective first printings are to be identified." Mr. Boutell has grouped all this information under the two headings of English Houses and American Houses, arranging the firms alphabetically, and making cross-references wherever any firm is represented in both countries. Such a work was, and is, essentially worth while: publishers, as a rule, have no interest in the bibliographical aspects of books, so that collectors have always been left to discover for themselves the means of identifying a first printing. It is especially interesting to notice the careful distinction made by a few firms, notably Arrowsmith, the Oxford University Press, and Dodd, Mead, between an edition and an impression—as the Arrowsmith note points out, the words "first edition" are invariably misused, since a first edition in itself may include twenty or thirty impressions of which only the first, presumably, is of value. Hodder & Stoughton, Hutchinson, and Little, Brown declare that there is no method of telling one of their printings from another, and seem, on the whole, rather pleased with themselves because of the fact. Mr. Boutell has earned the appreciation and gratitude of collectors by his painstaking and much needed work.

G. M. T.

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THE American Art Galleries, Incorporated, have announced the schedule of book-auction sales for November.

Opening of Exhibition, November 9—W. G. Ritchie. Sales dates: Afternoons, November 13-14.

Opening of Exhibition, November 16—Judge Harman Yerkes. Sales dates: Afternoons, November 19-20. (This library consists of about 300 sets of standard authors in fine bindings.)

Opening of Exhibition, November 16—Joseph Jackson. Sales dates: Afternoons, November 21-22. (First editions of modern authors, especially Edgar Allan Poe. The Poe collection includes a copy in the original wrappers, entirely uncut, of the "English Notes" by Quarles Quickens, of which only six copies are known, and a copy of "The Philosophy of Animal Magnetism," of which only three copies are known.)

Opening of Exhibition, November 22—J. Barton Townsend. Sales dates: Afternoons and evenings, November 26-28, inclusive.

The Gotham Book Mart at 51 West 47th Street announces for November first the publication of "Anathema!" by *Benjamin De Casseres.* The sub-title of this volume is "Litanies of Negation." There is a lengthy preface by *Eugene O'Neill* to this book, whose first edition consists of 1250 numbered copies on Navarre paper from France, bound in Fabriano boards, each copy signed by the author. Orders will be filled as received.

Something worth thinking over is related by *Warden Lewis E. Lawes* in his book "Life and Death in Sing Sing."

An Italian prisoner said to me on one occasion, "When the war-a come, I go make a fight and kill-a Germans who never hurt-a me at all. For these I get a medal. Then I come-a home and kill these-a man, he slacker, who ruin-a my sister. Now the judge he say-a I must do-a twenty years. I maybe make a murder in war, but I no make a murder to kill-a these-a snake."

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THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR

The time has come for telling the universe something more definite about *The Inner Sanctum's* latest publication, *The Technique of the Love Affair*, which has precipitated waves of anticipatory tremors, and which is now available to a heart-hungry public at all bookstores.

For one thing *The Technique of the Love Affair* is the most alluring title of the year . . . For another, it lives up to its promise. . . . For a third, it is one book which genuinely justifies that threadbare adjective, the blurb-writer's delight: *intriguing.*

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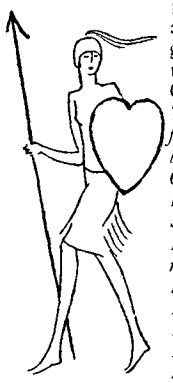

A GENTLEWOMAN IN ACTION

Here is *news* about the book, a cablegram just received from the British publishers, GERALD HOWE, LTD.: *Technique of Love Affair featured as news on publication date Sending Cuttings From London Daily Mail Evening Standard and Morning Post Advance Orders Already Trebled First Week Reprinting Large Edition All West End Booksellers And Libraries Rushing Repeat Orders Daily Much Speculation Concerning Anonymous Authorship.*

From FRANCIS J. SCULLY, a roving correspondent and sloganeer now on the Riviera, *The Inner Sanctum* receives another composite manifesto on two outstanding best-sellers:

Bambi Dugan, A Night Life In The Al Woods

The Inner Sanctum respectfully submits a few faltering and tentative qualifications for *America's Perfect Show Girl*, to whom will be awarded An Apple of Gold by a committee consisting of Messrs J. P. McEVOY, FLORENZ ZIEGFELD and JOHN ERSKINE:

1. MEASUREMENTS (stipulated by Mr ZIEGFELD):
   Height—5 feet 10½ inches
   Weight—132 pounds
   Hips—33 inches
   Calf—14 inches
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   Waist—27 inches
2. She must buy a copy of *Show Girl* after each meal.
3. She must eat plenty of meals

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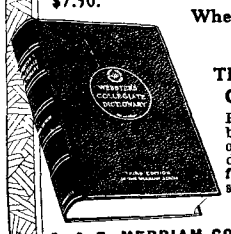

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SOME of the "Favorite Jokes of Famous People" in *Frank Nicholson's* compilation published by Dutton do not seem to us absolutely uproarious, but we have rather fancied this shy anecdote of a class in history that was asked to write an essay on the life of *Abraham Lincoln*. One paper which the teacher thought rather striking she forwarded to *Booth Tarkington*, the novelist. It ended with the following statement:

> . . . The most interesting event in the life of Abraham Lincoln was his assassination by Booth Tarkington.

We were shocked to read of the death of *Frances Newman*. Miss Newman was one of our younger writers possessed of considerable wit and originality. At the time of her death the John Day Company were bringing out a book of parodies by *John Riddell* of *Vanity Fair*, among them a parody of Miss Newman's work, concerning which it was too late to do anything save to insert in the front matter a statement of the circumstances. The parody had already appeared in *Vanity Fair* and had been read by Miss Newman—and doubtless enjoyed, as this talented writer possessed, among other gifts, a shrewd sense of humor. . . .

America has also recently lost *George Barr McCutcheon*, of "Graustark" fame, the brother of John McCutcheon, the cartoonist. George Barr McCutcheon was an essentially modest man who endeared himself to many friends. He was a romantic of an elder day, a writer whose earlier romances stemmed from the "Zenda" tradition of *Anthony Hope*. He did his best work in narratives of an imaginary European kingdom. He experienced an enjoyable popularity during his lifetime, and became one of the celebrated sons of Indiana, the state that has bred so many distinctively American writers. . . .

In his "Back Trailers from the Middle Border," which will be published by Macmillan on November seventh, *Hamlin Garland* gives an interesting account of a meeting with *Joseph Conrad* at his home in Bishopbourne, not far from Canterbury. Here is how Mr. Garland saw the great man:

> We had imagined him as a man of measured speech and austere dignity. Here now the real Conrad stood revealed. Short, dark, voluble, and as full of gestures as a French Jew, he met me with effusive courtesy and my daughter with European gallantry. He kissed her hand and asked after her health, using the most astonishing English. He said "grite" for great, and "trine" for train. He wore a single eyeglass and spoke of himself as a "Kentish man," but was in fact entirely Continental in every gesture. His spoken English had been acquired by early contact with Cockney sailors, while his written English, richly formed and austerely controlled, had been learned from books. . . . He talked of Stephen Crane, of Kipling, and others of his contemporaries, with understanding and good temper, but his reading was not wide. "I don't get time to read," he confessed, "I am absorbed in my own work. I write very slowly."

We have spoken of *Frazier Hunt's* "Custer," and in former months of various Western biographies of the plains, such as "Wild Bill Hickok" and so on. "Buffalo Bill" is, of course, a centaur name to conjure with, and now Bobbs-Merrill offers "The Making of Buffalo Bill," by *Richard J. Walsh* and *Milton S. Salsbury*, a book which they call "the only authentic life of one of the most romantic American heroes." They also inform us that

> . . . though Milton S. Salsbury died before one chapter of "The Making of Buffalo Bill" was written, he is indeed the collaborator with Richard J. Walsh. Salsbury was the son of Buffalo Bill's partner in his Wild West Show, and the book had been drafted in the form of articles which had been approved by Salsbury before he died. Since his death and while the book was being written, Salsbury's wife and sister gave Mr. Walsh much help and advice.

The same firm, in November, will publish *John Erskine's* new novel, the title of which is "Penelope's Man." It is the story of Odysseus. Mr. Erskine has certainly found Greek legend an unexpected goldmine! . . .

We are glad to see a new novel by *Ethel Sidgwick* upon the list of Harper & Brothers. This novelist of high distinction stands rather apart from most writers of the day. There is little fanfare about her, but some discerning minds have long treasured her "Duke Jones," "A Lady of Leisure," and so on. Her newest novel is entitled "When I Grow Rich." Her characters are, as usual, extraordinarily real in this tale of contemporary London. Don't overlook Ethel Sidgwick in calling the roll of the best writers of this era! . . .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, announces that its annual Award of Honor, a prize of five hundred dollars presented anonymously, has been given this year to *Vachel Lindsay*, who describes himself as "a citizen of Springfield, Illinois, and guest of Spokane." The prize has been awarded Mr. Lindsay for the high distinction of his best work. "The committee feels also that this poet, whose song is intensely American, has not yet been adequately rewarded by his fellow-countrymen, and it hopes that this award may stimulate the public to a more grateful recognition of the supreme value of creative genius in poetry" . . . .

The Helen Haire Levinson prize of two hundred dollars for a poem or group of poems by a citizen of the United States published in *Poetry* during its sixteenth year, is awarded to *Elinor Wylie*, for four poems printed in *Poetry's* issues of last May and June. Among former recipients of this award have been *Carl Sandburg, Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson*, and *Amy Lowell*. . . .

Prizes of one hundred dollars were thus distributed: The Guarantor's Prize, to *Marion Strobel* of Chicago; the Young Poet's Prize, to *Ted Olson* of Laramie, Wyoming; the John Reed Memorial Prize to *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*, originally of Springfield, Kentucky; the prize offered by the "Friends of American Writers" to *Sterling North* of Chicago; the prize in honor of the late Walter Van Rensselaer Berry, to *Emanuel Carnevali*, now living in Italy; the anonymous lyric prize, to *Horace Gregory* of Sunnyside, Long Island. . . .

Volume Two of *Spengler's* "Decline of the West" is now being published by Alfred A. Knopf. In Germany it has turned enemies into friends,—witness the case of *Hans Helmolt*, the modern historian, who was hostile to the first volume and has proved laudatory of the second. *Eduard Meyer*, the greatest living authority on ancient history in the world, has fallen into the same category. . . .

Lewis Browne has said of *Savel Zimand's* "Living India," published by Longmans, Green,—"I am glad that a trustworthy writer from the West has at last exposed the journalistic mayonnaise so thick and spicy in 'Mother India,' and I most heartily recommend Mr. Zimand's book to all who read or heard about *Miss Mayo's*." Zimand was at Jaito when the Sikhs were put down by force and at Poon when Ghandi was released from prison. . . .

Three recent odd books of a great deal of flavor are *Edna Kenton's* "The Book of Earths," (William Morrow & Company) which collects fascinating material on man's various conceptions of the earth in its relation to the universe, from the very earliest times, with copious illustration from rare old prints and documents; "Queer Books," by *Edmund Pearson* (Doubleday, Doran), author of "Books in Black and Red" and "Studies in Murder," which gathers together some inimitably refreshing material; and "The Book of Rabelais," by *Jake Falstaff* (Doubleday, Doran), his life written rather as he might have written it himself, a new twist to biography. . . .

In this connection Simon and Schuster announce the publication of the first popular-priced one-volume edition of the complete Rabelais in the classic English translation of *Urquhart* and *Le Motteux*. And we have already mentioned the two volume Horace Liveright Rabelais, illustrated by Papé,—there being still another illustrated edition of this season that we cannot remember. Verily, it is a great year for the great friar, physician, and teller of tales! . . . .

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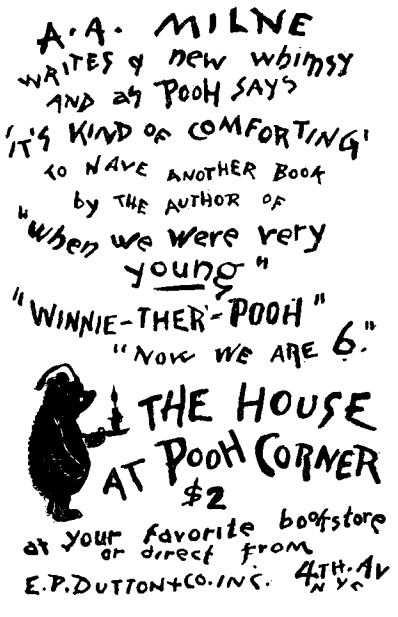

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page* 325)

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

Miscellaneous

BUNDLING. By HENRY R. STILES, M. D. With More About Bundling, by A. MONROF AURAND, JR. Harrisburg: The Aurand Press. 1928.

It is curious that the courting or amatory custom called bundling should not by this time have received a fuller or more scientific treatment than in Dr. Stiles's old book of 1871. The practice was much wider spread, both in the old world and in the American colonies, than the author supposed; and its sociological significance, as such writers as James Truslow Adams have observed, was greater than he perceived. However, there is a good deal of antiquarian information in Dr. Stiles's pages, and this reprint of his now scarce volume will interest many students. The editor, Mr. Aurand, has added some thirty pages of fresh data of no great importance, emphasizing the fact that bundling endured down to recent times, and asserting that it has not yet entirely disappeared in the remoter regions of Pennsylvania.

KNOCK WOOD. Superstition Through the Ages. By DR. DANIEL DEERFORTH. Brentanos. 1928. $3.

The advice to readers on the jacket of this book, "Find your own pet superstition and read its history in this volume," is slightly misleading. You will not find much about your pet superstition unless it is Christianity, in which case you will probably be annoyed at Dr. Deerforth for calling it superstition, even by polite implication. After a few pages devoted to the petty survivals of primitive magic in modern life he goes in for a study of the works of Christianity at considerable length. His material is not new; much of it is candidly quoted from Andrew D. White's "Warfare," and practically all of it deals with material which the church, whether Catholic or Protestant, has already explained away to the satisfaction of the devout, if not of the scientist or the historian. There are, however, a number of inaccuracies, ambiguities, or overstatements, which open the way to easy replies from clerical apologists that might pile up an impressive case against the book without ever touching its main issue.

Dr. Deerforth's most valuable personal contribution to this familiar debate is his occasional editorial comment which reveals a dry humor, a civilized kindliness, and an indefatigable confidence that man "who has already progressed from savagery to a mental age of fourteen years" may yet make something respectable of himself, despite his propensity to take things on faith.

DESERT DRUMS. By *Leo Crane*. Little, Brown. $5 net.

THE BLUE GINGHAM COOK BOOK. By *Imogene B. Wolcott*. Morrow. $2.75.

HOW TO WRITE. Compiled by *Robert Watson*. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. $1.

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PHOOPHOTOGRAPHY IN FOLK MUSIC. By *Milton Metfessel*. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE. Vol. II. New York: Universal Knowledge Foundation.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND. By *Capt. A. H. Trapman*. Macaulay. $5.

LADY GODIVA: THE FUTURE OF NAKEDNESS. By *John Langdon-Davies*. Harpers. $2.

BROADWAY RACKETEERS. By *John O'Connor*. Liveright. $2.

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THE NEXT CHAPTER. By *André Maurois*. Dutton.

ÆOLUS OR THE FUTURE OF THE FLYING MACHINE. By *Oliver Stewart*. Dutton.

SOME MORE MEDICAL VIEWS ON BIRTH CONTROL. Edited by *Norman Haire*. Dutton. $2.50.

Poetry

BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA. By W. ROY MACKENZIE. Harvard University Press. 1928. $5.

If ever a locality should have been early thought of as likely to yield large returns from the transplanting of the traditional English and Scottish ballads it ought surely to have been Nova Scotia, which is at once both a new England and a new Scotland. Yet until the researches of W. Roy Mackenzie into the folk-song of his native province had begun the probabilities of making important ballad discoveries there had received little, if any, serious attention. Dating back to his boyhood acquaintance with ballad-singing in his own household, Mr. Mackenzie's interest in Nova Scotian "popular" minstrelsy had advanced as far, perhaps, as that of an amateur collector's by the time he entered the Harvard Graduate School, twenty-odd years ago. There, under the thorough training obtained at the hands of that stimulating, if on occasion terrifying, *savant*, Professor Kittredge, it rapidly developed into a specialist's zeal. The more tangible results of this fortunate transformation are a pair of companion volumes, "The Quest of the Ballad," published in 1919, and the recently printed "Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia," the two together constituting as full an account of provincial ballad material as will be written for a long while to come.

The former of these works provides the logical approach to the latter through a fascinating, informal narrative of the difficulties and triumphs encountered in collecting folk-songs among the descendants of the Scotch and Huguenot French settlers of the countryside along the north shore of Nova Scotia. In addition, it presents the author's conclusions regarding the causes for the decline of ballad-singing in the region covered, the three-fold pressure of religion, superior-class consciousness, and the desire for modernity. And it contains generous exemplification of all the conventional ballad types. "Ballads and Sea Songs" preserves, and imparts orderly arrangement to, the total returns from Mr. Mackenzie's collecting ventures, in the matter of complete texts and variant renderings. It includes also an introductory essay, which, besides summarizing the controversial portions of the earlier work, enlarges a topic barely touched upon in that record, sea songs generically and sailors' shanties, and the ritual of shanty-singing in particular. The scores of some forty folk-tunes are set down in an appendix.

LEGENDS OF INDIA. By *Washburn Hopkins*. Yale University Press.

A STRANGER AND AFRAID. By *Ted Olsen*. Yale University Press. $1.25.

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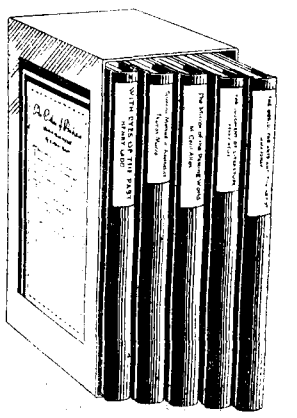

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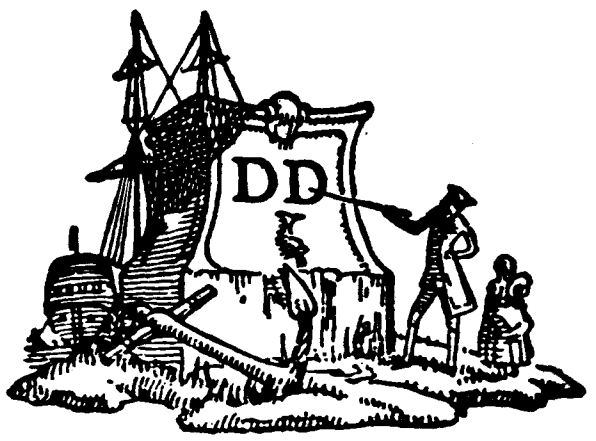

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